

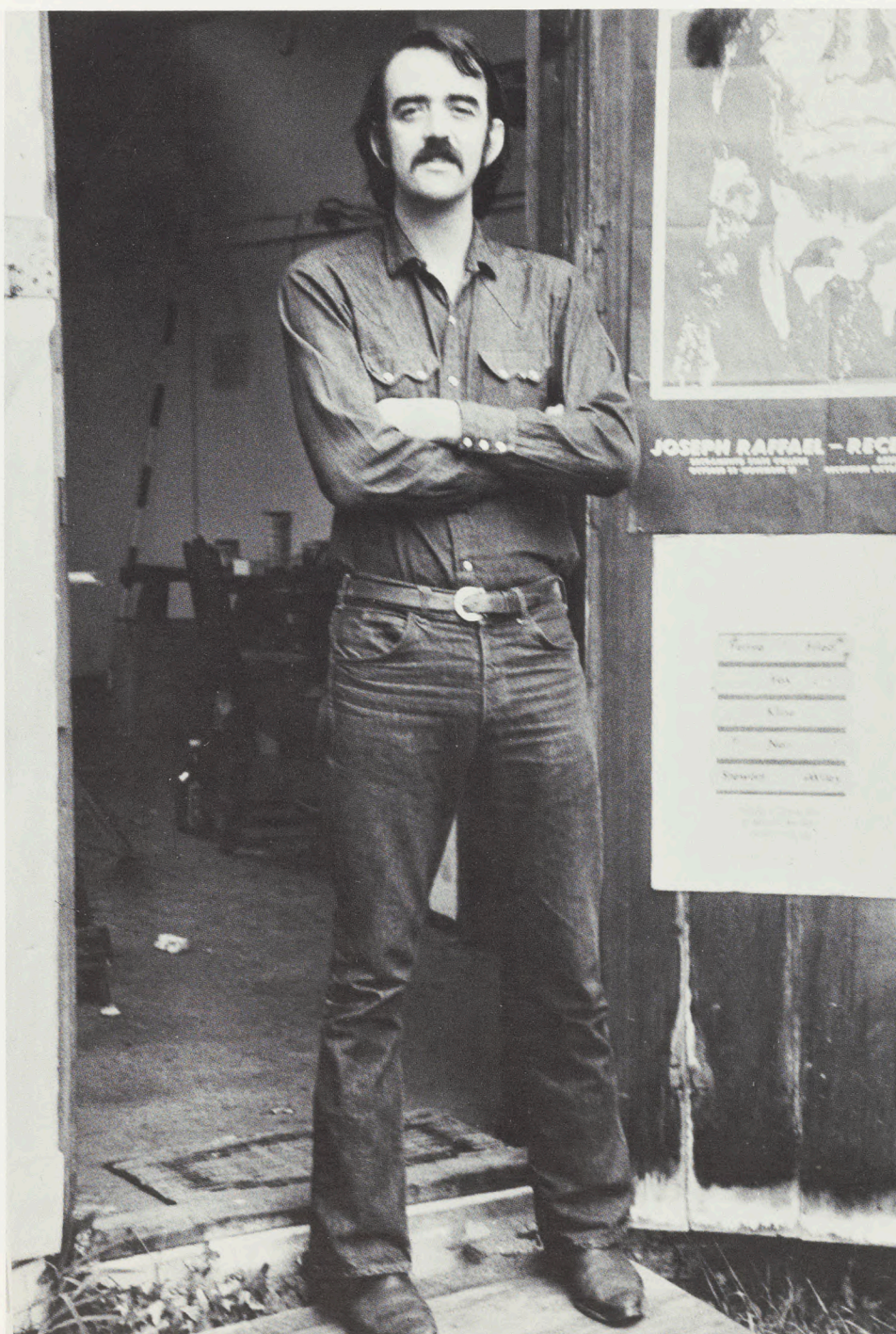
WIZDUMB

PLANTING

William T. Wiley

University Art Museum, Berkeley
Exhibition organized and catalogue compiled
by Brenda Richardson

4	"I Am My Own Enigma"
	Introduction by Brenda Richardson
18	"Sub-Standard Test"
	Notes by William T. Wiley, 1968
20	"Hides Log—How to Chart a Coarse"
	Journal by William T. Wiley, February 18-April 27, 1971
42	Thoughts on Marcel Duchamp
	Notes by William T. Wiley, November 1970
44	Biographical Notes
46	Selected Exhibitions
52	Selected Bibliography
54	Catalogue of the Exhibition
66	Acknowledgments
68	Lenders to the Exhibition



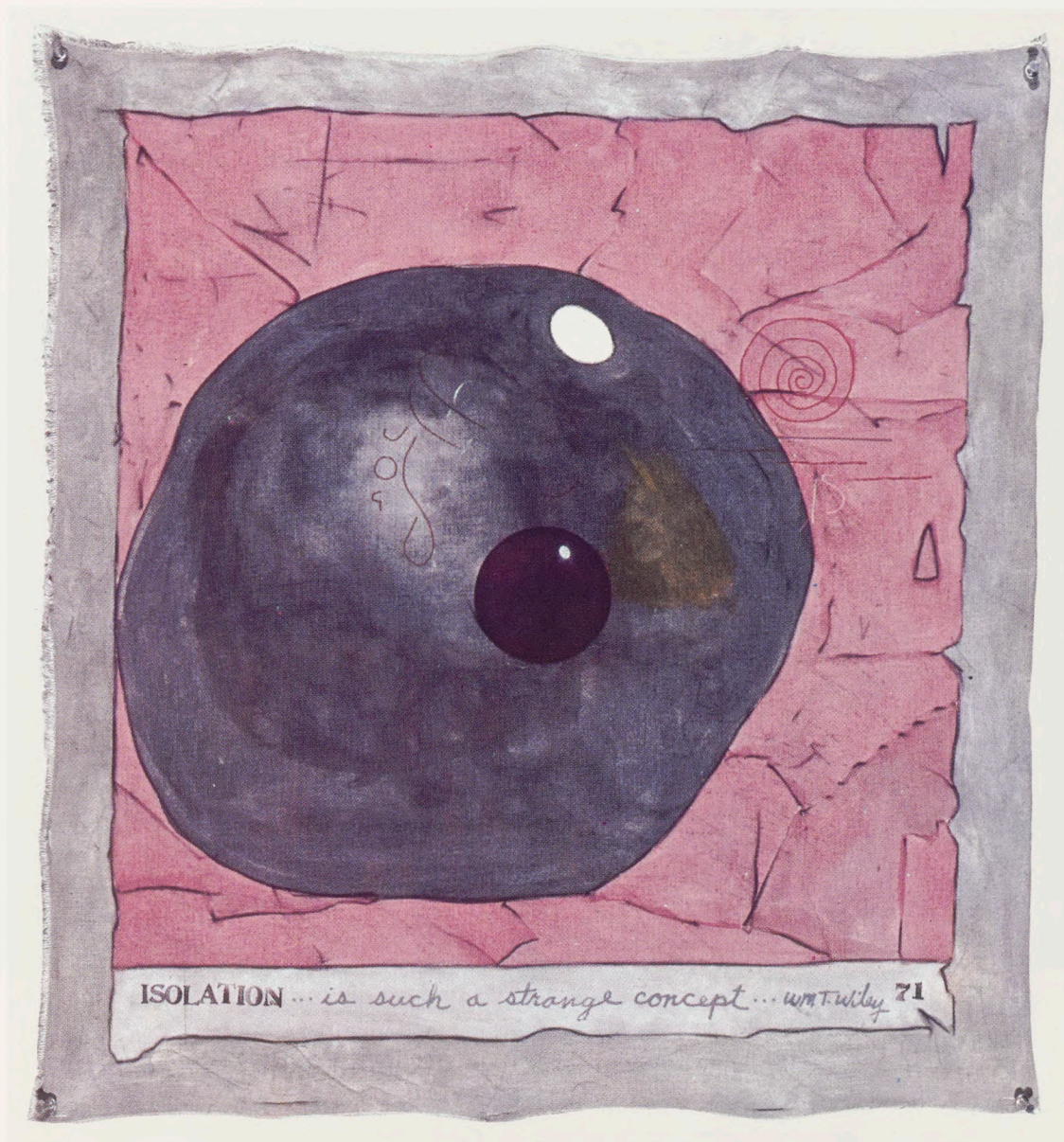
Introduction by Brenda Richardson

James Joyce wrote that an object "achieves its epiphany" when "its soul, its whatness, leaps to us from the vestment of its appearance," and this concept of epiphany comes as close to describing the essence and intent of the work of William T. Wiley as anything I know. Joyce said that the epiphany was the moment in which "the soul of the commonest object . . . seems to us radiant." Thus, by an absurdly happy and anachronistic coincidence for me, Joyce described Wiley's work better than I could: each piece that Wiley produces embodies a new epiphany, an evocation, a sudden perception of essential meanings, a special insight that we could get no other way.

Wiley has been making art since he was quite small, and he learned very early that art set him apart, in both positive and negative ways ("I guess having been into art for a long time, even in grade school, immediately you get some kind of feedback. If you can draw a tractor or a car, even a little bit, you get some kind of power through it—trade for something, acquire things, time out of class to do what you want.")¹ He was fortunate in finding friends and teachers who recognized and encouraged his abilities as an artist, and his enthusiasm for art as a way of life never really wavered. He says that during his first year at the San Francisco Art Institute the idea was suggested to him that perhaps he shouldn't be specializing so soon, that perhaps a liberal arts education would be the wiser course. He remembers thinking that over and discussing it with Bill Allan, who said, "Well, that's fine if you don't know what you want, but I know what I want." And Wiley says that of course then he too realized that he knew what he wanted, and it was art without any reservation.

In high school in Richland, Washington, Wiley got special encouragement from his art teacher, Jim McGrath. He remembers that McGrath was completely open to all manifestations of creative energy, and used in his own work words and sounds as well as purely visual imagery, inspiring in his students a particularly receptive and tolerant attitude about every possible aesthetic and social variation. Wiley recalls that at that time he was particularly struck by the work of Dali and De Chirico, and also by Arp, Klee, Miro, Brancusi, Morris Graves, and Mark Tobey—among McGrath's favorites. There were frequent side trips to Seattle to visit galleries and artists' studios (and even occasional trips to San Francisco and Los

1971. Acrylic, charcoal, and ink on canvas. 28 x 26".
Collection Dr. and Mrs. Reuben M. Baron,
Oak Park, Michigan.



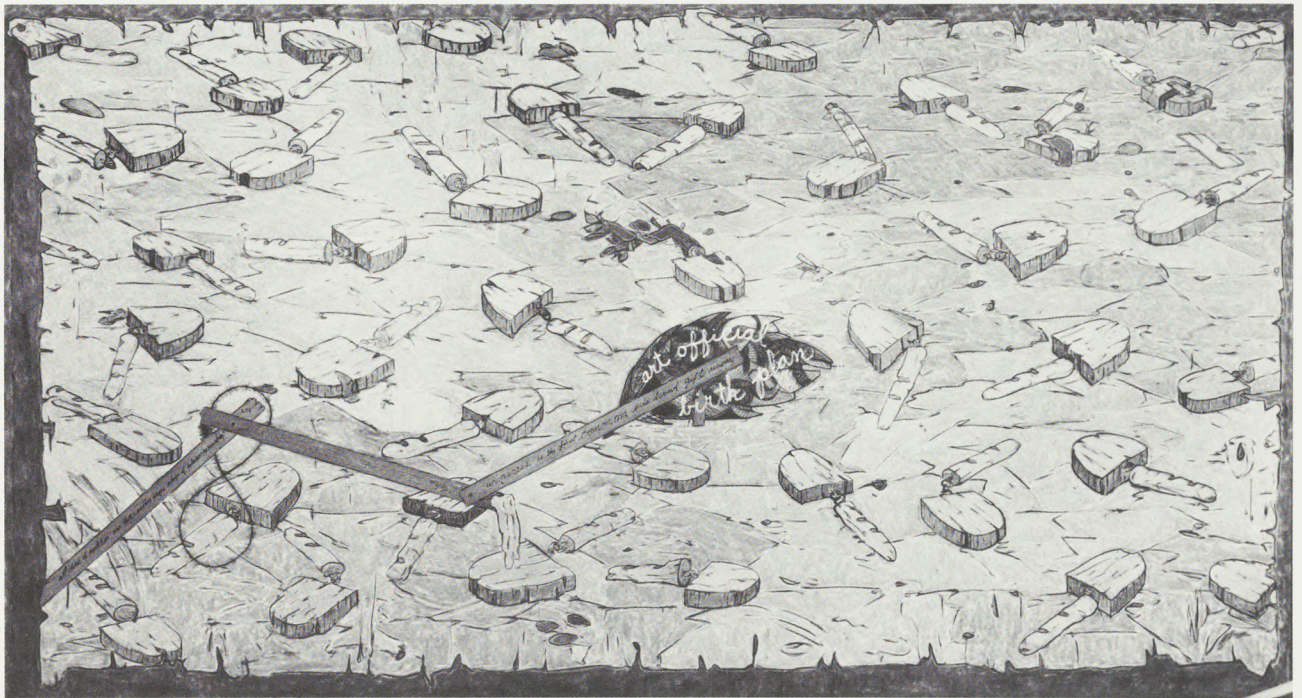
Angeles), and Wiley feels he had a very significant exposure to a wide range of art and ideas and techniques through McGrath's classes.

After high school graduation in 1956, McGrath discussed with Wiley various possibilities for further art study, including the Cooper Union, the Art Students League, and the San Francisco Art Institute. Bill Allan, who went to the same high school, had been at the Art Institute for two years by then, and encouraged Wiley to come to San Francisco to study, and that was his final decision.

I was pretty knocked out by the school, felt a little bit shaky about it, seemed like a lot of the skills and badges I had accumulated back in high school just didn't hold that much water. But I guess whatever belief I had in my own work, and whatever eagerness I had to get it on, I just adopted pretty much anything that came along. I liked all the different ways of seeing, and different ways of doing things. I'd never seen so much of all that before. Things seemed bigger, sort of "more," more paint. In class we'd sort of worked with small things, light paper, and tempera, delicate things, quiet things. At that point I got sort of heavy into Francis Bacon, mainly just the technique, that kind of blurred quality. I did that a lot, and drawing. And finally I used some of those techniques to shift away from specific figuration. I started mixing in figures, animals, still life, landscapes, sort of blurring and smearing to obscure some of that information that was drawn pretty specifically. Pretty heavy emphasis on dramatic contrasts, too.

At the Art Institute he learned a great deal about the skills and techniques of painting, but much more important than that was the exposure to the professionalism and seriousness of his teachers and fellow students—among whom at that time were, respectively, Ralph Ducasse, Elmer Bischoff, Nathan Oliveira, Ralph Putzker, Frank Lobdell, and Manuel Neri, Bill Geis, Jerry Ballaine, Joan Brown, Bob Hudson, and of course Bill Allan. He was especially drawn to Lobdell, who seemed to him to be very "straight and serious and caring," with an intense but intelligently removed relationship to his own work. The presence of Lobdell and Still in Wiley's painting from that period is very strong—and Wiley is the first to see it and appreciate it.

1971. Acrylic and charcoal on canvas. 84 x 153".
Collection Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Anderson, Atherton,
California.



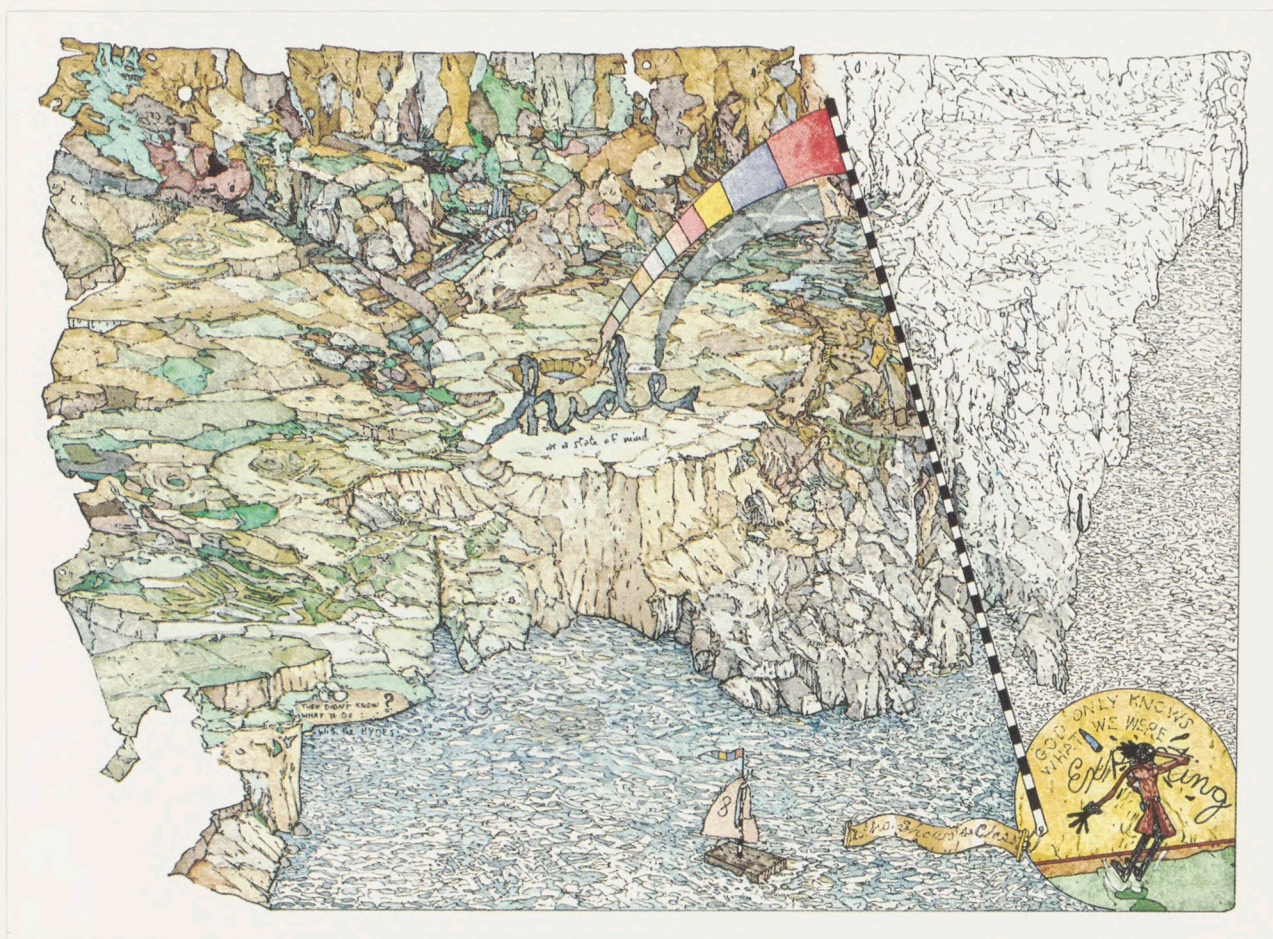
While in school he learned much from the figuration of Bischoff and Oliveira, and even more from the abstraction of Lobdell. Just the same, he formulated a style uniquely his own, so much so that since 1958 his work had been included in several exhibitions both locally and in New York and had caught the very favorable attention of several New York critics. At that still early date in his career New York critic Dore Ashton wrote of his paintings:

I found a pronounced streak of originality in his work, an authentic expressionist sensibility, and the makings of a major painter. In a normal and wholesome way, he has learned much from his elders. . . . Yet none of the echoes in his work ever dilute its own strong flavour. . . . Wiley's specific adaptations include the romantic passion for huge formats, often double-panel compositions; the use of the expressionist blur which softens forms and makes their surfaces vibrate; and a stress on asymmetry and diagonal dynamism. He has also joined some of the younger artists in the incorporation of emblematic Americana—stars and stripes, and ambiguous symbols of popular culture. Yet, for all these familiar ingredients, Wiley has not forfeited that which is his own. Specifically, Wiley's own personality is expressed in his use of almost-readable symbols. . . . In [his small oil sketches] his urge to symbol becomes more explicit and he has experimented with montages of symmetrical images, repeated slightly differently two or three times on the same page.²

At the Art Institute, too, he had been taught to hold a fairly conservative attitude about showing and "commercialism," an attitude which he adopted with some reservation.

I think there was a lot of Still's attitude in there about not showing until it was right. Ultimately I think that's a very sound idea, you are the artist, and you are the one who has to figure that out. When you feel right about it, the work can be shown. You just have to realize that you can have that much control over it. But then the idea came through a couple of times that the person who wanted to buy that painting was really trying to buy you, or buy what you represent, or your energy. I just kept thinking, nobody can really do that to you, and I just decided, I should take those risks, and if that possibility was in there, I just might as well find it out sooner or later. It just seems that anybody has a right

(1971). Ink and watercolor on paper. 22½ x 30¼".
 Courtesy Hansen-Fuller Gallery, San Francisco.



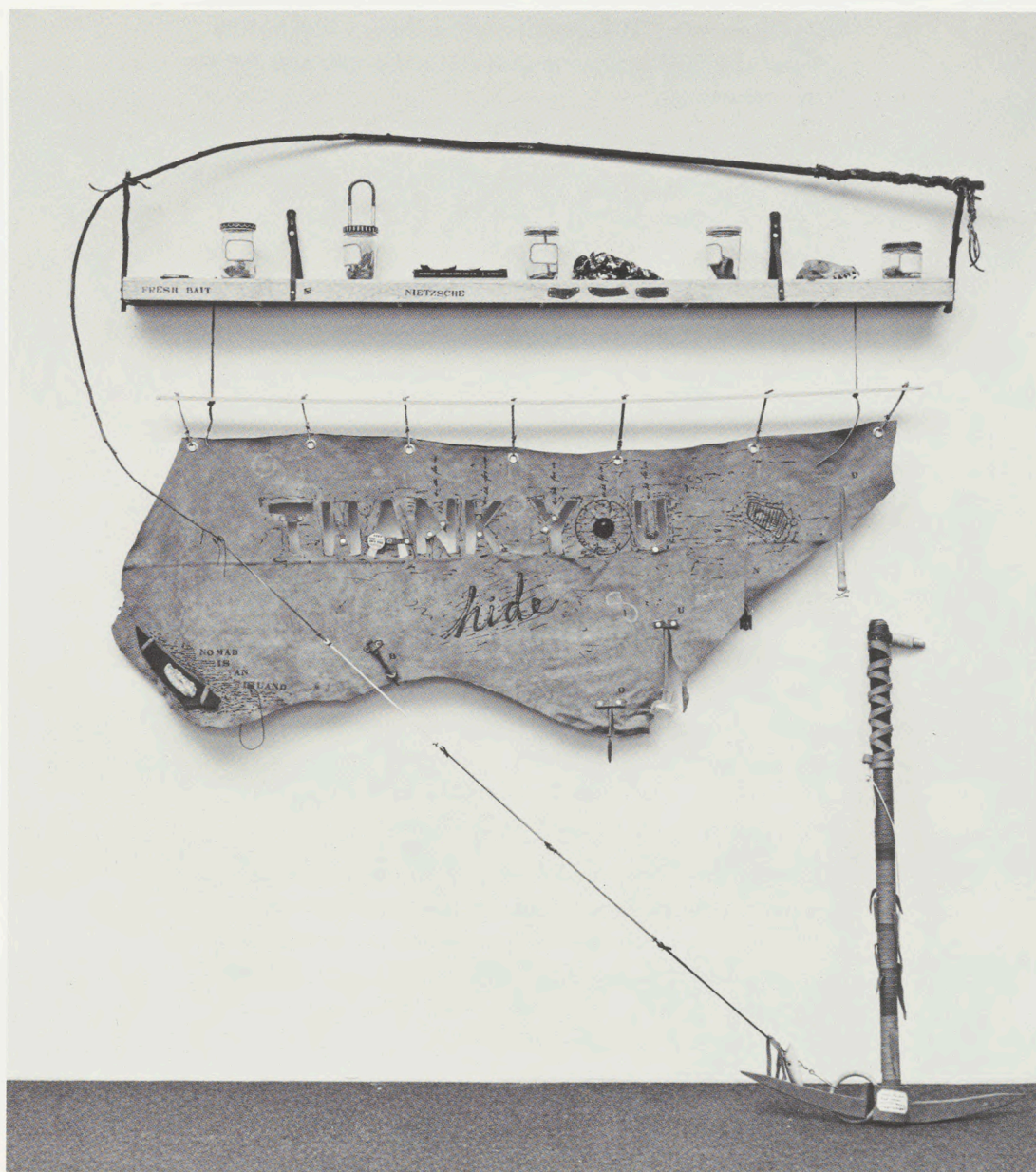
to it, on whatever level they can get it on. I mean, the idea that it was bad for somebody to buy your painting because it matched their couch. It doesn't matter. If you've got a good couch and a good painting, and it takes care of a chain of visual events that gets it on for you, what's wrong with that?

I think art should be more and more amoral, a realm of exploration. Especially in school, if you could just get that idea across to people, it just means a whole threshold of getting into art, or the aesthetic experience, or awareness. Just give people a chance to go into it and really flesh out a lot of things and feel themselves in it, without having to set up a commitment to it in any way—to trust them enough to believe their commitment will grow out of their relationship to it.

As soon as he graduated from the Art Institute in 1962, he was hired to teach at the University of California, Davis, and although he has taken time off to accept several guest teaching positions at other schools, he is still a regular faculty member at Davis. He loves teaching, and he has a reputation for being a devoted and inspiring teacher. He also has a reputation for being able to draw good, original, interesting work out of previously completely uninspired students. He doesn't have a teaching "method," except talking to students at any time on any subject, and gentle suggestions of possible directions they might take in their work. He has no set expectations from his students, so he is totally receptive to new ideas and seemingly unorthodox proposals and projects. There is no predetermined "right way" to handle an art problem and no particular response is any more appropriate than any other. In this atmosphere of both formal and intellectual freedom, both minds and skills seem to flourish, and there is a relaxed enthusiasm about art at Davis that is due in no small measure to Wiley's presence there.

His attitudes about art and the processes of making and accepting art and art ideas are very contagious, and have not been restricted to his teaching. His energy has infected the entire Bay Region art community to a considerable extent, and his influence in the area has been and continues to be intense. He is a source of constant encouragement to other artists, in an area where low-key criticism, superficial interest, and sagging patronage are

(1970). Construction, with wood, leather, ink and charcoal on cowhide, pickaxe, found objects, and accompanying watercolors. 70 x 64" (irreg.). Collection William and Deborah Struve, Glenview, Illinois.



continuing problems, spiritual and financial, to anyone determined to live here and function as an active part of the art community.

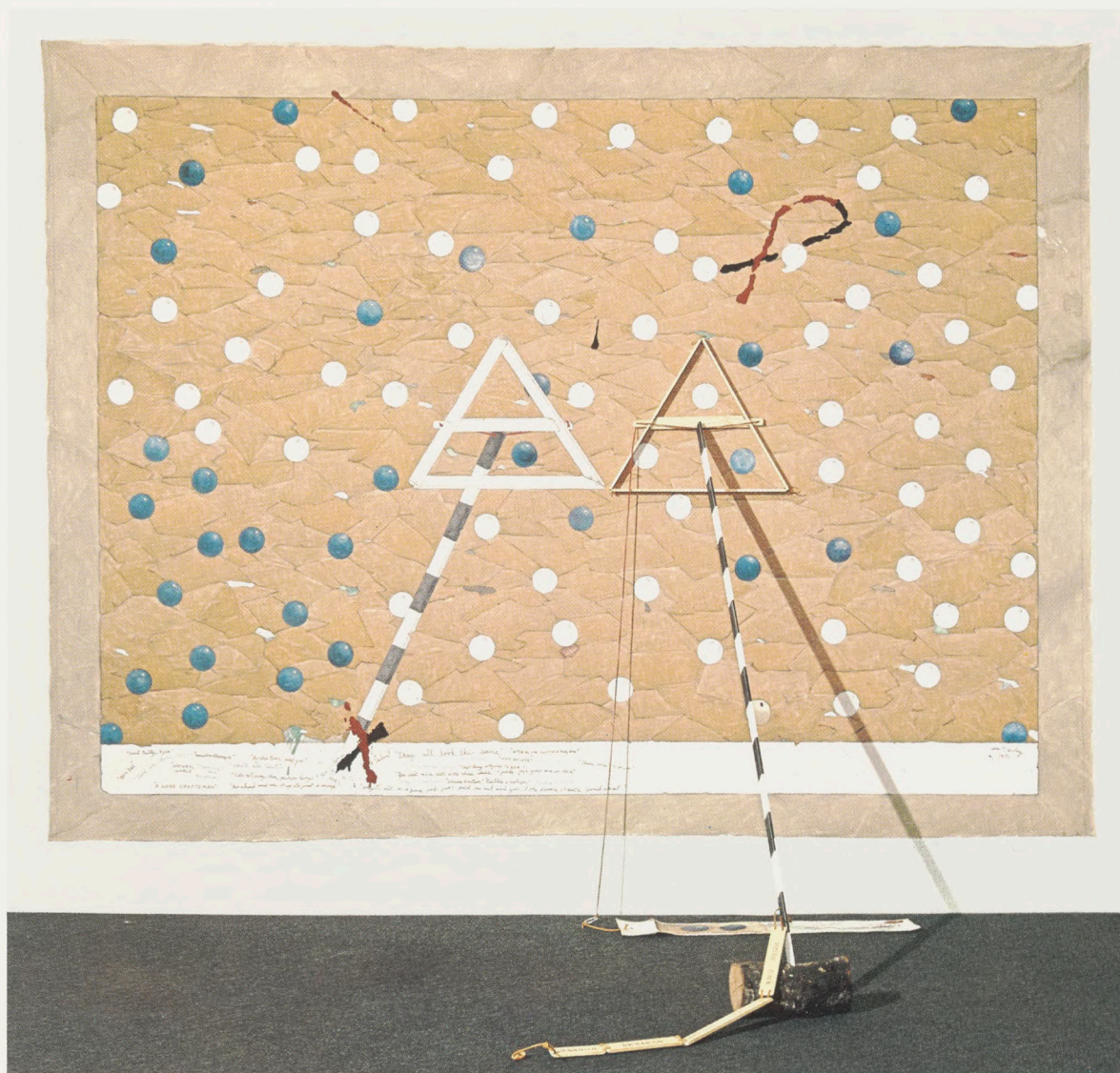
Although Wiley has shown regularly in New York since 1962 and has established a national (international) reputation for himself, he has never had much desire to live and work there on a permanent basis. Neither does he isolate himself from the New York art scene as do so many West Coast artists. He appreciates the value and intensity of New York, just as he appreciates the strength and style of San Francisco.

One thing that hit me the first time I was in New York was when you ran into someone who was up for whatever you were offering, the sensibility was honed right up and needed that information—it was just soaked right up like a sponge. Then I saw why art existed in New York the way it did, the place it had in the culture, why it was needed and how much it was needed, and that it was like any other power in the world. It had its good and its corrupt aspects, but it was a total part of the cosmos, just as everything is.

Wiley's career spans a multitude of "styles," both formally and conceptually. He has worked in virtually every possible medium, traditional (oil, acrylic, watercolor, plaster, wood) and otherwise (twigs, leather, felt, dust, wax). He has done paintings, sculpture, drawings, watercolors, pastels, constructions, earthworks, theatre events, music composition, conceptual projects, and films. He makes no comparative judgment about the merit of any particular medium or style in either his own work or that of other artists—he loves Westermann as much as Magritte, Clyfford Still as much as Duchamp.

Wiley gets deeply involved with each of his works, and as a result of such strong personal identification with the pieces, he frequently makes open-ended projects of what from another artist might be a finished, static object no longer in his control. Wiley often originates on-going exchange pieces with other artists; he does paintings that are sold partially incomplete, to be worked on at some later time (a recent painting, for example, is composed of 100 balls, only 33 of which are painted, with the remaining balls left to be painted in at a rate of one for each year of the artist's life—regardless of the ultimate disposition or

1971. Acrylic on canvas, with wood construction. 86 x 115 x 40" (irreg.). Collection Mr. and Mrs. Gene Estribou, San Francisco.

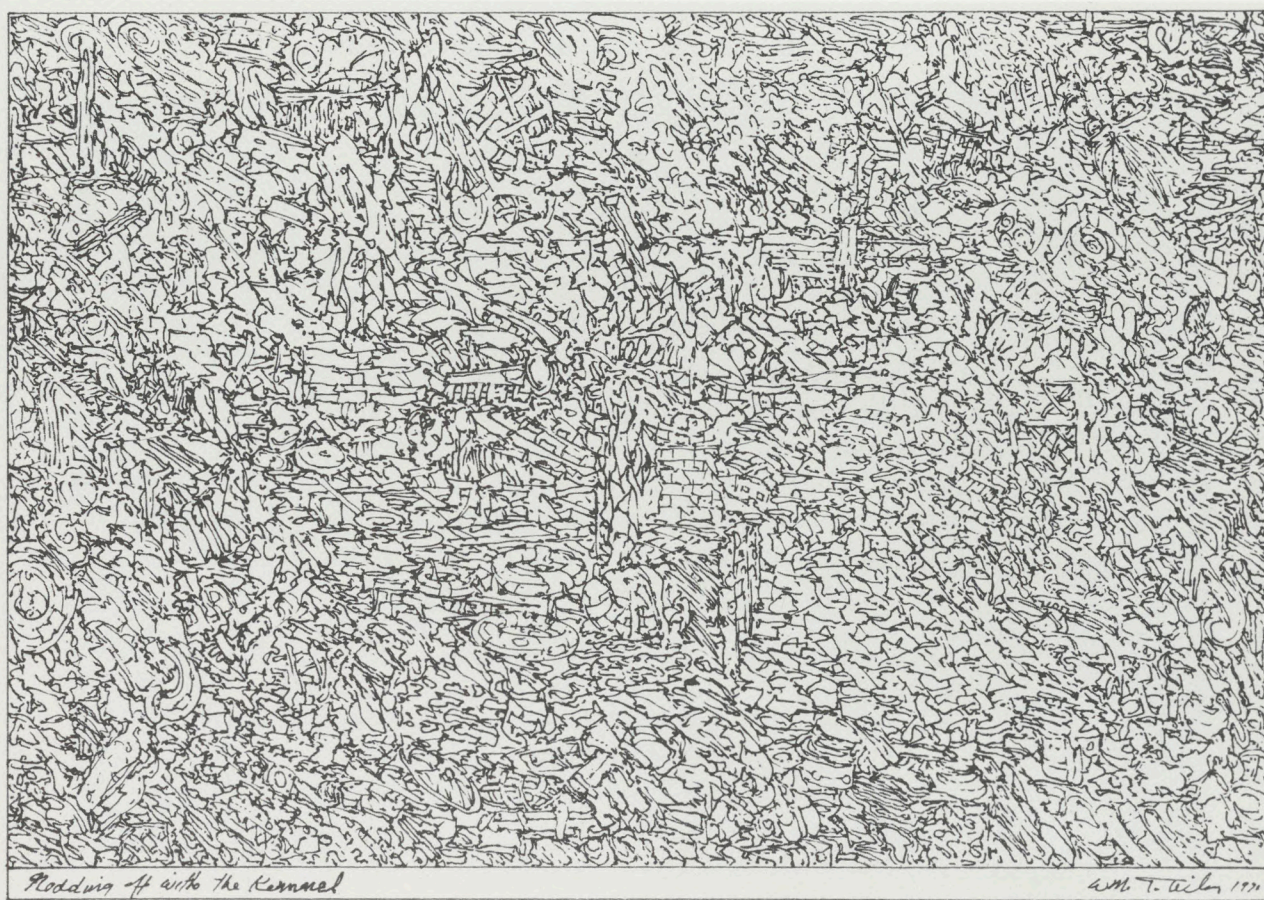


whereabouts of the painting); he frequently makes new pieces out of old ones—notably, a series of 1966 paintings which he later wrapped and taped, transforming them into soft package sculptures; he adds or alters written inscriptions to “finished” watercolors; and, less directly, though deriving from the same impulse never to close off the potential of a piece, is the frequency with which certain pieces appear in other pieces—a construction will reappear as a sketched image in a painting, or a contraption painted from imagination into a watercolor will later appear as a real object on the studio floor. This emphasis on the work as a continuous body is reinforced by his use of a consistent group of themes and symbols throughout the work—especially the pyramid, striped or checker-board grid, infinity sign (reworked usually to a Moebius strip), the heart, lightning bolt, and star, the question mark, and a painter’s easel—some of which may disappear from the paintings for several years, and then suddenly crop up again in unexpected places. This attitude about the work is only a logical extension of Wiley’s personal philosophy and life style. He holds a position of acceptance and tolerance of all possibilities—his belief in unlimited potential, his Zen acceptance of all potential, precludes any closed systems in art or life.

While the lives of most artists are clearly focused on their art to the exclusion, more or less, of almost everything else, Wiley’s art is more a by-product of his life. It’s not that his art is unimportant to him, because it is, and he cannot conceive of himself not making art. But, just the same, he is concerned with life problems (rather than art problems) primarily, and his art happens inevitably in his life.

Wiley is an extraordinary person. His art is extraordinary because he is, not vice-versa. He has been called witch and magician, poet and shaman. He insists he’s no more special than anyone (and everyone) else. He is genuinely amazed and baffled at whatever skills and sensibilities he has that lead people to new insights. At the same time he is profoundly human, and is accordingly minutely perceptive of human foibles and tragedies. He has a youthful humor, a punning wit, which takes its form in modified cartooning, verbal games, “silliness,” and clowning. He sometimes speaks in seeming riddles, sphinx-like, inventing new words or new spellings of old words to create

1970. Ink on paper. 21 7/8 x 30". Collection Bernard and K.
Lee Bunn, Mountain View, California.



puns or double meanings; other times his work is purely lyrical and its meaning crystal clear. His work is autobiographically inspired, with the everyday commonplace as subject, the intimate sketch as revelation, language as game and invention, and a passionate involvement with the folly and miracle of life. He is well-read, intelligent, sophisticated, and highly developed spiritually—though not in any formal way. He enjoys life enormously, in each of its multiple facets.

Wiley is a gentle fatalist, a sort of Zen existentialist. He accepts everything—ideas, events, people—as having equal value and equal potential. For Wiley acceptance of the human condition is not merely an abstract concept—it is a way of life. Much of his power, personally and in the work, derives from the fact that he does not contain his joy and faith—he expresses it, with an almost mystic capacity of transfusing his essence of strength, contentment, and quiet energy to other people. Wiley feels that the world moves as it must, and however that may be is alright, or as Kurt Vonnegut says, “Everything is all right, and everybody has to do exactly what he does.”

Wiley is himself the greatest work of art he ever created, and to know him is to know everything in his art, and vice-versa. There is a real paradox in both his life and his art, between being totally knowable and forever seeming unknowable. Everything about Wiley is both more simple than it would appear, and more complex. “I am my own enigma,” he says, a statement which is not meant to be enigmatic at all, but a statement of fact and clarity about being alive. Nothing is really hidden in Wiley’s work; all meaning is present on the surface and is direct and un-selfconscious. Wiley’s art is a gift that reminds us of the wonder and miracle of it all—it helps us to see with a new calm what has always been there, and to treasure the strangeness and beauty and openness of it.

Notes

¹All quotations from William T. Wiley are excerpts from transcripts of taped interviews conducted by the author with the artist in May and June of 1971.

²Dore Ashton, “Abstract Expressionism Isn’t Dead,” *Studio* (London), September 1962.

I Wish I Could Have Known Earlier That You Have All
the Time You'll Ever Need Right Up to the Day You Die

17

1970. Ink and watercolor on paper. 22 x 30".
Private Collection, Berkeley.



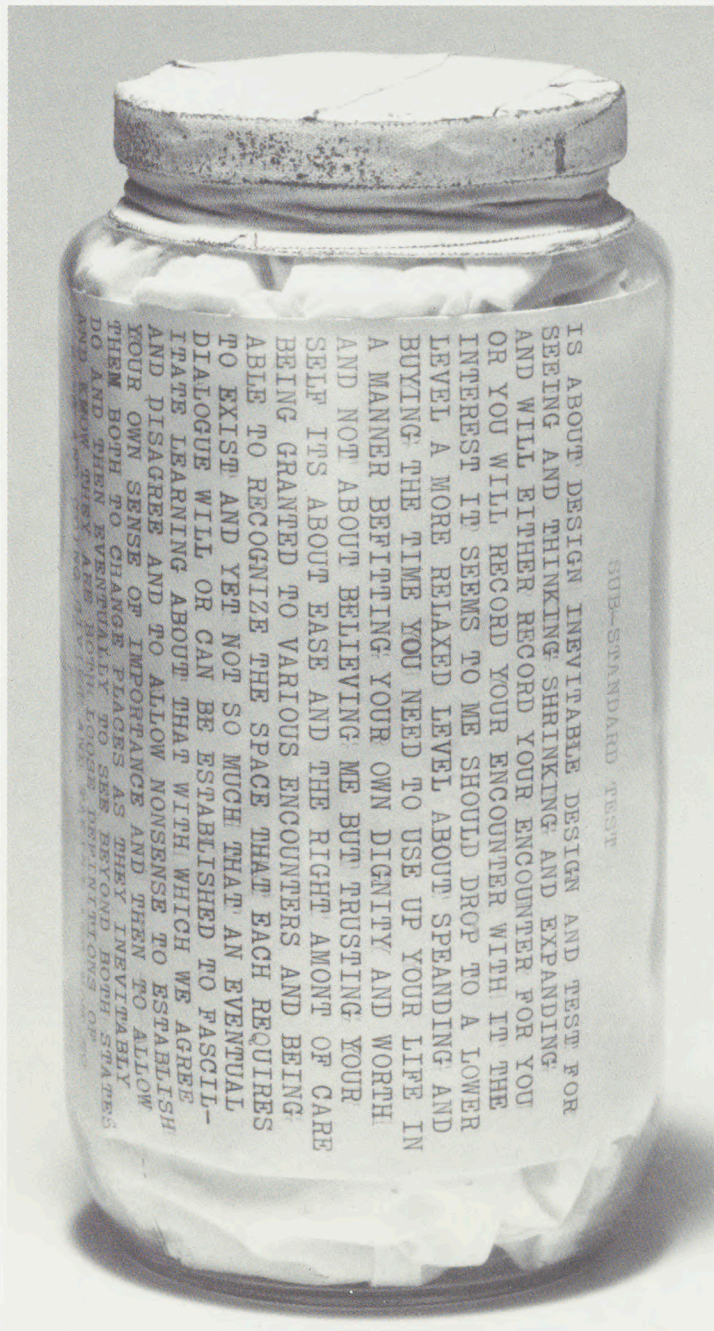
I wish i could have known earlier that you have all the time you'll ever need right up to the day you die. Wm T. Wiley June 16, 1970

Notes by William T. Wiley, 1968

IS ABOUT DESIGN INEVITABLE DESIGN AND TEST
FOR SEEING AND THINKING SHRINKING AND EX-
PANDING AND WILL EITHER RECORD YOUR
ENCOUNTER FOR YOU OR YOU WILL RECORD
YOUR ENCOUNTER WITH IT THE INTEREST IT SEEMS
TO ME SHOULD DROP TO A LOWER LEVEL A MORE
RELAXED LEVEL ABOUT SPEANDING AND BUYING
THE TIME YOU NEED TO USE UP YOUR LIFE IN A
MANNER BEFITTING YOUR OWN DIGNITY AND
WORTH AND NOT ABOUT BELIEVING ME BUT TRUST-
ING YOUR SELF ITS ABOUT EASE AND THE RIGHT
AMONT OF CARE BEING GRANTED TO VARIOUS
ENCOUNTERS AND BEING ABLE TO RECOGNIZE THE
SPACE THAT EACH REQUIRES TO EXIST AND YET
NOT SO MUCH THAT AN EVENTUAL DIALOGUE
WILL OR CAN BE ESTABLISHED TO FASCILITATE
LEARNING ABOUT THAT WHICH WE AGREE AND DIS-
AGREE AND TO ALLOW NONSENSE TO ESTABLISH
YOUR OWN SENSE OF IMPORTANCE AND THEN TO
ALLOW THEM BOTH TO CHANGE PLACES AS THEY
INEVITABLY DO AND THEN EVENTUALLY TO SEE
BEYOND BOTH STATES AND KNOW THEY ARE BOTH
LOOSE DEFINITIONS OF COMING AND GOING
GIVING AND TAKING AND NOT TO PONDER TOO
LONG THE CLASSIFICATION OF A GIVEN FORM NO
LONGER THAN IT TAKES TO IDENTIFY IT ON THE
MOST OBVIOUS LEVEL AND THEN TO RELAX SO
THAT A DEEPER DIALOGUE MAY BEGIN AND LET
ITS ABILITY TO DISGUST OR THREATEN OR PLEASE
HEIGHTEN THE AFTER IMAGE AND ALSO TO JUST
EXAMINE THE MATERIALS WITH OUT QUESTIONS
BUT JUST SEE EACH ONE AND WHAT EACH CON-
TAINS IN SOFTNESS COLOR HARDNESS TEMPERA-
TURE TEXTURE AND TO BE TOLD OVER AND OVER
AGAIN ABOUT BEAUTY AND UGLY AND OBVIOUS
MISTAKES IN SPELLING AND SEEING AND LIVING
AND THE FINGERS TRYING DESPERATELY TO DO
THE RIGHT THING FOR THE BRAIN AND TO HOLD
THE HAND THE GOOD WAY WHEN ITS SHOOK
BADLY AND TO BE ABLE TO CONDUCT YOURSELF
FULLY AND INEVITABLY IN YOUR ULTIMATE DESIGN
AND JUST WITHSTAND A SUB-STANDARD TEST

WM. T. WILEY

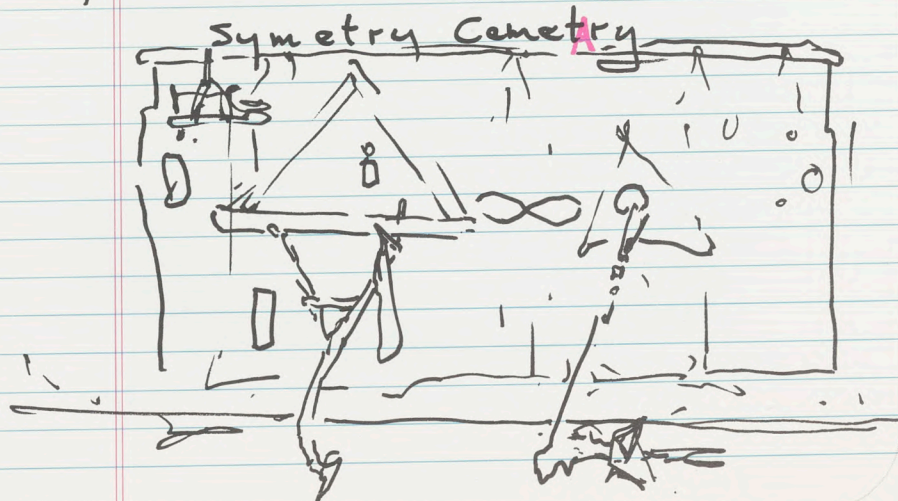
1968



Journal by William T. Wiley, February 18-April 27, 1971

Hides Log - how to Chart A COARSE.

Feb. 18, 1971 1:10 No entry - have to do some work get my head going before i can trust writing. Voyage + Chart several days do by this time. Feelings about to change rapidly looks a little shi shi so times. get scared. And the crew no where in sight. Don't know if they have jumped ship or maybe i didn't even sign any one on this time - "who wants to leave Port Anyway"? The sign read - No body signed on and only some minded... were they the backers? - the unseen merchants of gold who back absurd ventures to see what will happen? Any bodies guess? Any body's guest ^{is a good answer} to far from Port to core.



3



anyone takes

Born Redford Indiana 10/21/37.
Dad worked on Construction -
decided to move to Washington
sold the farm bought a
25 foot Empire house trailer
and moved to Washington in
1947 lived in Chubb's trailer
coud in West Richland near
the Yakima river.
Major points in that first move
from the Buckeye Hoosier Territory
to Wash were - Wild horses and a herd
of antelope. And an overnight stay in
a trailer coud in Cheyenne Wyoming
near by a baseball game btm.
local cowboys and Indians being
played and a barrel of beer on
the back of a pick up. Some Indian
kids with pop bottles buckets etc.
made off with a whole lot of beer
before some one noticed.
Then after a year in Wash. headed
out again through the southwest then
through the southern states and finally
ended up in Texas where dad
traded the trailer and some cash for
a place called the Red Top Cafe
a little service station, - house - on acre
of peach trees - no water - and near
by a little town bypassed by the
new highway was flying up - Rice
Texas.

The real temptation in this is looking
it down to a skeleton sketch of
movements

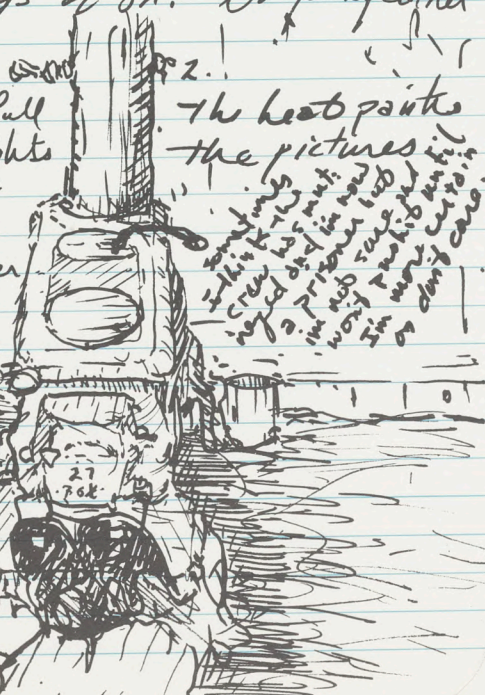
or even being able to remember
what I'm doing!

Feb. 19

Now this morning my head was bad was - it worth it. There the time that i had. came rolling in by fate dominor that ol corn whiskey and whooping to up a bit with some of the crew. couldn't hardly get a fire going in the ol boiler - blowin a draft bent over just about finished me off. Looking over my charts and plotting in this morning light i could see then why id done it last night. It was a cruel sight the sea of myself floating around me in crude gestures of my appetites. and now outside my window a blue jay is really laying it on me. he comes by ever now and then regardless of whether i'm sweating it out he lays it on. No fairweather friend he.

2. when it's going full steam and the lights are low you can tune that pipe with the damper just like a T.V. running all kinds of movies and stories but its better than T.V. cause its wide open

the ol boxwood boiler

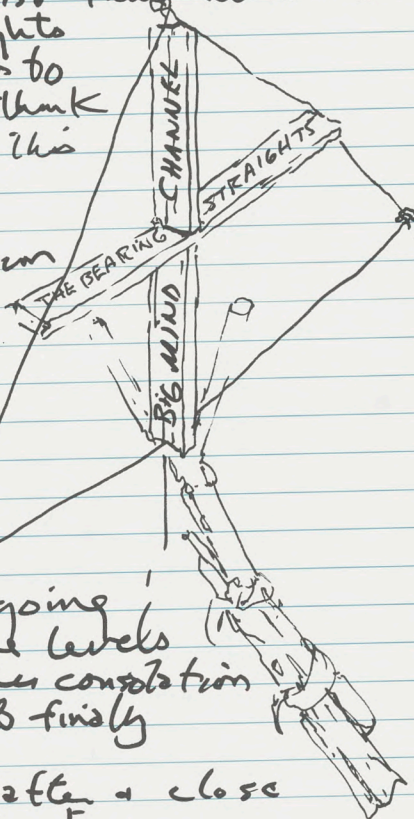


7

The bearing straits:

"bearing straits"
came today as I worked on the chart
and thus far exist thus—no words
for the up rights
But I don't feel up to
explaining what I think
about them—at this
time.

One of the crew
members came down
sick after mess
but couldn't find
out what was
wrong. There's
so many poop
decks on this
rig it's hard
to keep up
on the action going
down on all the levels
I appear and offer consolation
and concern with finally



Random remarks—after a close
call on the Reef.

"what started out as a
really unique voyage with
a hand-picked crew turned
out to be so much so that
people didn't want go—ideas
of uniqueness being what
they are

I see now the cross and the
wires won't go together in any
fixed way.

2/27/70 Attend course - a talk with the crew.
 what i feel that is attempted
 when we meet like this
 is not that we will learn
 how to (sail a ship) (Point + draw)

what we will attempt to learn
 though we may not know it is
 to learn that we are who
 we are and that it is all
 right to be who we are and
 what we are. When we
 know this what we are doing
 is accepting the totality of
 our lives conscious and unconscious
 good & bad love & hate. Our
 fear or rather my fear is
 if we accept fear or hate
 or bad that it will only
 continue the traits of cruelty
 and jealousy - anything we
 deem negative - but as
 i see it only by accepting the
 negative - philosophically speaking
~~no one accepts the negative~~
~~when they are presented with~~
~~a specific occurrence~~ not now!
 can we begin to change
 it. Only by loving all that
 is within your realm of being
 and consciousness can you hope
 to begin to alter your destiny
 hate will conquer if it is
 the right hate - you are the
 only one who knows - the only
 one capable of unfolding the
 riddle

11

Though i am the captain of this ship i am not the captain of your life. Your job as a crew member is not one of servitude. If so it is self imposed. And not being the best captain in the world i cant always see this and because my mind is playing with the idea of guiding this ship through a tight stretch. (Trying only to me perhaps but trying never the less.) My attention will be diverted and i may become stupid to your needs or expectations. That is when you as a crew member must become captain and help the Ol Boob Out. But i guess that's only if you think he's a good captain - soiled beyond repair but better than any immediate replacements otherwise you just kick his ass out. Then the job is yours.

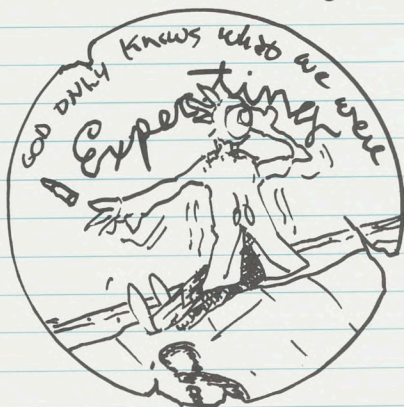
but as we meet here we attempt to learn i think that it is all right to see and feel and think and to see and feel know and old things that we will take turns reflecting each other in a way which will amaze and delight us with who we are. And

what we know and what perhaps
we've always known.

Fear & Truth

Awomen Amen

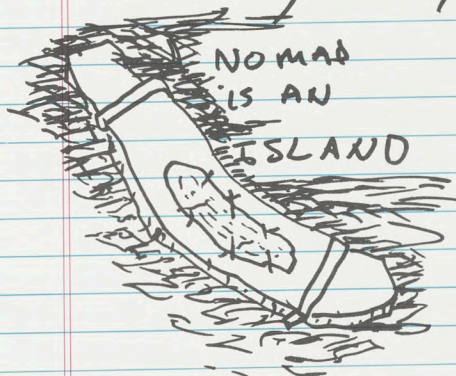
and the nature of this voyage
is such that we can death
and find port for those who
lose interest or get sea
sick our schedule is such
that these allowances are
holidays because the port
is always familiar - in shore
there's some rough necks
bringing about but there always
are and it's their port too
home some call it.



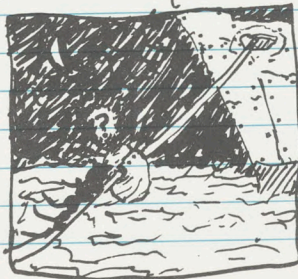
no body loves being hated
no one hate loves being
hated he says he loves
it but he hates it - hate
says he can't stand love but
he always end up tolerating it.
love says he hates hate but
he knows the only way to win
is to love hate.

15

this makes hate so mad he tries
to kill love - but it isn't that
easy - love is tricky he
can speed himself so ~~making~~
that hate only gets a
little part of love and then
love is mad cause hate
tried to kill him so he gives
hate a whomp! which
seems to keep em both riled
up in fact you can always
be sure you can't know
how they are going to act.



2/25/77 Imaginary Rat shield - reminds
me of a joke in the N.Y. Yorker
magazine I saw years ago.
A mother Rat told some baby
rats backed up behind father
rat who was contemplating
a Rat shield -
the mother rat
was saying
to the children
"stop Chattering
and let your
father think"



Ran dumb Ream Arca

Traveling thru the South sees this one notices moisture as the main drawback for longer than a visit. The beautiful and peculiar as mares warm and gritty. Too far past Texarkana the mood sets in - and the first travel thru there was innocent of thoughts other than feelings based on ones own personal thermometer distributed by heritage house. So no quarrel just hope and thanks for the memories. It shall rise again. I estimate my distance from it all now and its from a long time ago when some strange cabin laid soft on an oggled the view as a cream colored 1947 Chrysler dynaflow speed ship moved like butter through syrup - exposing. Haven't been there for some time.

Back ON! Root!

And a year in Texas running the Red top Cafe. I did some drawing of cowboys and such chasing cows on the back of some paper sacks and stuck them up in there. Truck drivers occasionally - pushing back a plate which had just been emptied of pecan pie fish for a toothpick except more coffee and stand

19

to take in more than the menu.
 "Who drew those pictures?" he
 I would say "Not bad Not bad.
 stick with it that boy and you'll
 have something" . . . Looking
 back to my dad he would
 usually start . . . had a brother
~~etc~~ once . . . could draw anything
 (sweep of the hand) anything
 . . . Now his driving a cat
 around hubbuck . . . he could
 make a pencil do about anything
 he . . . - and if he would
 go laying out the course of
 his brother's life and how he
 had or had not misused his
 talent.

Now I imagine his brother 20
 years younger shaving a hill
 with that cat making it
 level for a decent little low
 rent job. But that's all
 speculation. He might be helping
 those guys doing Earthworks
 A cat skinner who understands
 Sundays across from The Cafe

o Cotton field - A car would
 pull up full of Blacks with
 greyhounds they would pile
 out and release a couple
 of dogs who would start
 working the rows for rabbits
 wouldn't doubt that money
 changed potatoes during those
 bouts. It was nice to see those
 dogs flat out behind a rabbit
 flickering through the cotton stalks.

Back on the Coarse.

A peice from a couple years ago which was a sketch for "summer tide weights" came in today so this point it seems a good addition to the Pair of fun oil you

PAIR O FUN all you do to hell with it. And a strange green bottle i found down the coast.

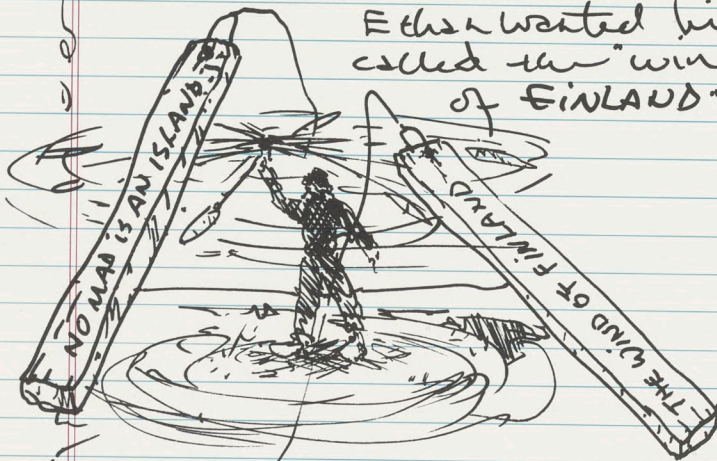
Chaw many special times

It has been a good day - Windy sunny cold. I've been in the cabin most of the day.

went out to chop some wood and play some catch with Ethan - and made some Bull Roareris we tried out.

mine was "NOMAD IS AN ISLAND"

Ethan wanted his called the "wind of FINLAND"



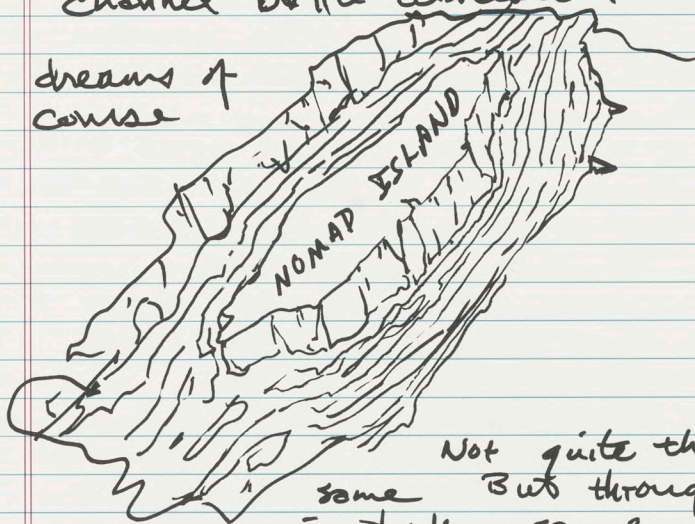
They sounded good! - Topped it with plenty of coffee - a little wine and a little ocean 'on God knows etc.'

And a hound in dreamland with DSB.

23

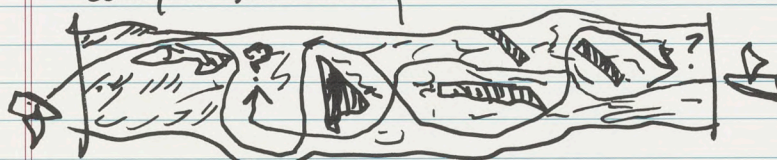
4/27/71 Still - A lot of wind.
howling and whining faceless in my
ears but that's not so much to
put up with when you write back
words in time and you start to
wonder about dates as a way to
fill up space It's and island
channel battle description

dreams of
course



Not quite the
same But through
just the same

unique similarity



And having made on—you reflect.
How was the trip reflected in
their faces?

Reports from former water roll in —
"Hell is spent my whole time the hole...
I loved it — But the other water
almost went nuts." "Acted crazier
than the captain does 20 times"
You'll get different tales from
the whole lot... bloody different

3/9/71 Cross Current - Great Divide Etc.

Cross Roads + purposes
skipping because of dust the
band plays - skipping across

crow
"how'll you do it Cap'n?" -
Cap'n. "Let's we'll skip a cross.
and save time."

Rather be on this number page
wise than on that number page
wise.

I remember right right before we
set sail - I saw old Loub sure
in the crowd - his wrinkled face
had an uncanny glow - which
he sometimes would refer to
as "IS SELF SATISFIED" he
was looking at me but when
he saw me looking we stopped.

Right after that I saw some kids
or dogs running with him or
after him it was hard to tell - and
they made me feel very glad
and very sad - Just like to.

fatio fugitive from the Lasse
show. (half overheard from others)

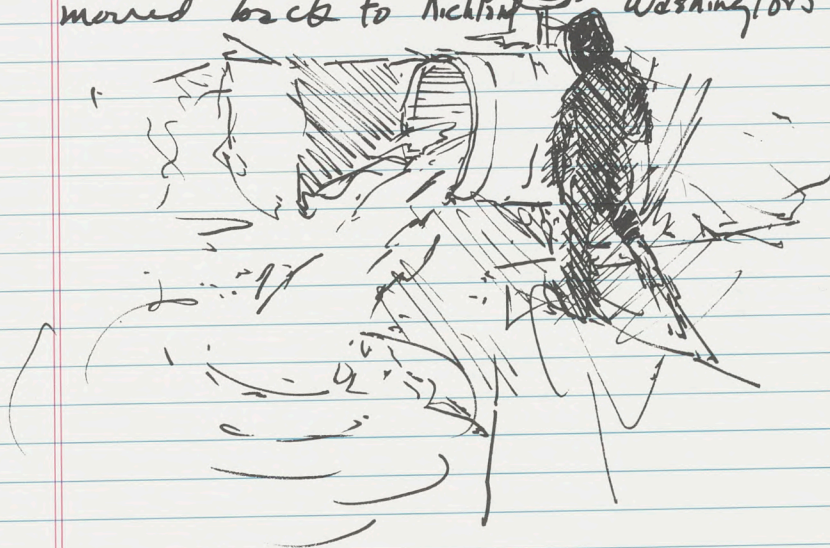
we saw it crack in half like a
tooth pick - Jesus! what now?

"I'll skip across." -

But the cars on some of them
had just wore plumb out - couldn't
get it on any more for that
kind of miracle. Just went
mechanically about their routes -
Routine or Mating didn't seem
to matter it was all just
work to be done -

3/12/71 Gnome Oar Mistakes ordinary accuracy

what was left to laugh at. should try and
do a little something to flesh it out.
can always move back in history
and pick up the threads
Back on Coarse in Ukiah Calif.
wind experience. Lived there a
year - I don't know what happened
to Art during that time. I don't
remember anything about it.
Tussock shot and a few kids
and learned to caddy out at
the Golf Course for \$ -
and went to the show on
Sat afternoon. Rode bikes a
lot - First organized sports
in school. small school 2th
+ 8th grade mixed - had
a good swimming hole to go
to. lived there a year and
moved back to Richland Washington



Opinion Anchors

3/13/71

lots of wind lots of rain. Would like to go backwards in this book and take out all the wrong pages. buffeted about by internal opinions winds of chance and various values of what should be going down in here. At one point you can feel the information straining just like a boat and its mooring then a slack tide and all those tensions slack off and the ropes hang there looking stupid and unnecessary. Well let them

3/14/71

Done Bald
with Bald
Punch, Pen
i think

You hear the singing deep inside have you the patience to wait until it swims up through the layers and layers of knowledge and guilt to let it surface and sing.

Some one had carved that on the desk right next to my dismay so not having more worthy information to relate to this log. I was willing to lie to make it interesting but i couldn't even think of how to do it. Being immoral about it didn't let it come out either. But the next day in fact now i don't seem to mind it all.

And to top it off i had locked the keys inside which anchored me fast and then i just went and got them and then went to work singing.

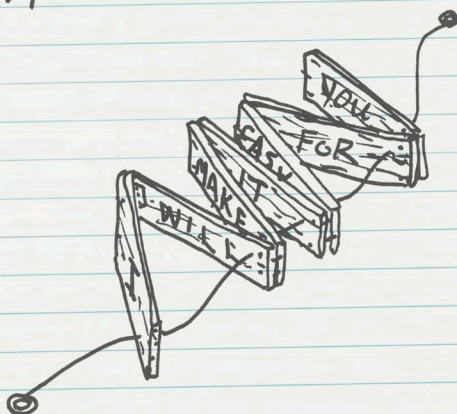
31

3/17/71

Gages & Cages for Cramps

Some idea about filling up the page sure can be a narrow gorge to cram the initial impulse thru.

Attempting to make it perform tests of skill and daring before its shoot ~~out~~ out the kinks by being held back for so long.



SOME IDEA ABOUT
ABOUT
NORMAL
IDEA

Some times thru an d projector you can catch a glimpse of all the weeds that have grown up around lot's wife. Some notions i get a quite time. If they all went this easy i would use up a lot of books.

B.P.C. Trap Ease Fatprint

At the present line and color seem to be in their logical roles. Or habitual roles. And the order goes... first the structure—the line work—drawing—like in a circus where part of the energy in a trap ease act has gone into the rigging defining and securing points where color or acrobats perform feats of abstract movement.

A.B.C.

ART X YOUR SIZE

A formula for endless variations of mind movement.

Seemingly endless almost transparent echoes of solutions to endless abstract relationships with mind color consciousness and evidence of losing interest in solutions continually—why is spelling such a hassle there is no reason why by this time we were well beyond that bend some insane idea about accuracy being something concrete and visible. Ruler yardsticks chimes reminders of abstract points of destination usually considered by myopic relationships and fantasies about the illusion of a fixed order of events or occurrences which are supposedly entirely predictable.

35

Not in the interest of obscurity
but in the concept of "help" or
"gain" only a method to
establish a relationship with
ones own energy for the
illusion of a ~~potter~~ part-
nership in a 50% 50% fifty
fifty potter of the abstract.

Some self understood version
of absolute control. which isn't
likely to harm anyone other
than yourself if you can
believe in it lightly enough
so that it never need be
challenged seriously.

And it seems to me if you
are reading this you have already
survived the worst.

To remember recently chiding
myself for writing on a
drawing "If you've read this
it's too late (for what) ← that
isn't on the drawing the for
what — just the in ~~your~~ quotes?
quotes? part.

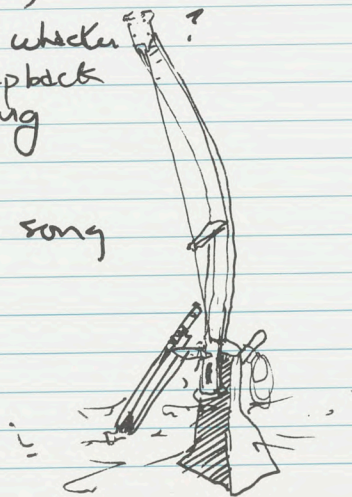
Since that day in the studio
some ten years or so ago
when I saw ~~it~~ for a brief
instant that I wasn't up against
anything — that there was
nothing to prove or disprove —
It was just wide open —
you could act freely — morally
and commit no serious outrage
to another person — acted upon
that and then almost immediately

3/22/71 The old charts gone: and a new one is up... looking for a focus—like some dim island on the horizon you can't get the glass to quite focus in on.

some times you just want to yell "Land Ahoy!" or "Land Sakes!" and that's it go to bed but then you have to hold your peace till you're sure and if it doesn't focus in pretty soon you just try and start acting like you're already there and focused in if you're not to overt about it no one pays too much attention. maybe just sitting—not probing so much—feeling like I'm getting a little pushy and scattered (Too much/more)

A silver Ruby penny whacker
whales harp—Humpback
whales... M. Westburg
Nov. Fall 1970—

who hears the song



41

well here it is time doing
as if pleased. -this pen
shot to hell. (Some would
say me too on occasion)

I guess i'll have to
stop off at this point
go ashore for a
while and get back
into my out of this
message of another
date —

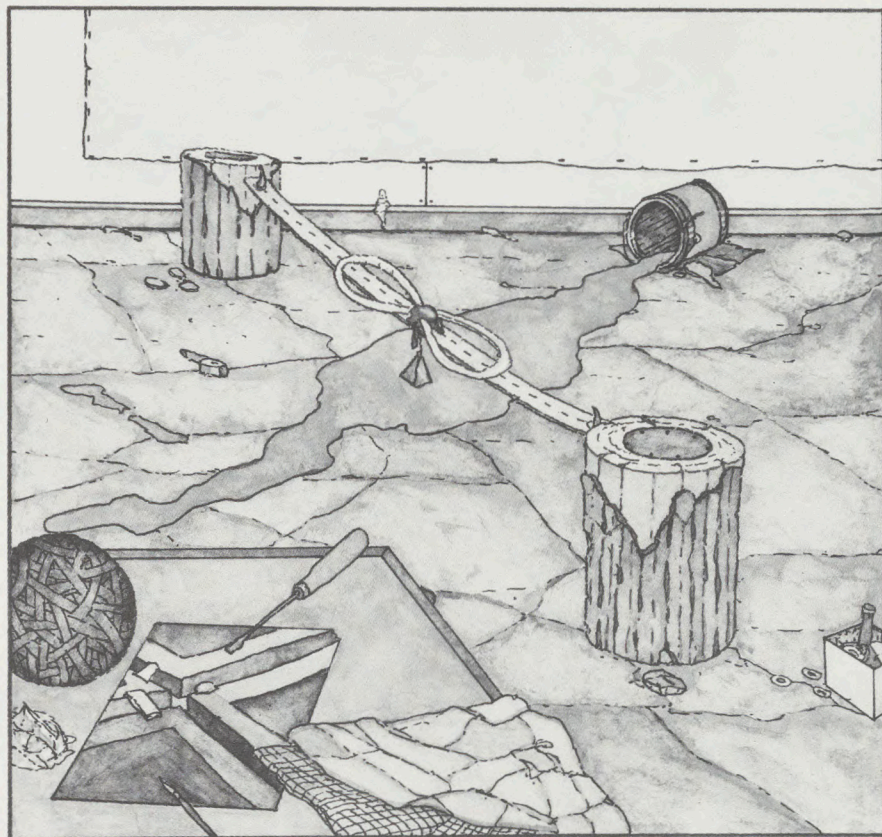
Sincerely,

Wm. T. Kelly

April 27 1971

happy birthday
Chuck

1969. Ink and watercolor on paper. 24 x 19". Collection
William and Deborah Struve, Glenview, Illinois.



Wizdumb Bridge

I'm a maze of information about reflections, mirrored
in opposites. Dad's tool box always contained an in-
strument which i could never define a purpose for.
Dad wasn't crippled in any way i could see at that
time, yet the tool that didn't seem to fit was in there
with the others laying like a brace for some un-
realized disease.

Wm. T. Wiley

7/10/69

by William T. Wiley, November 1970

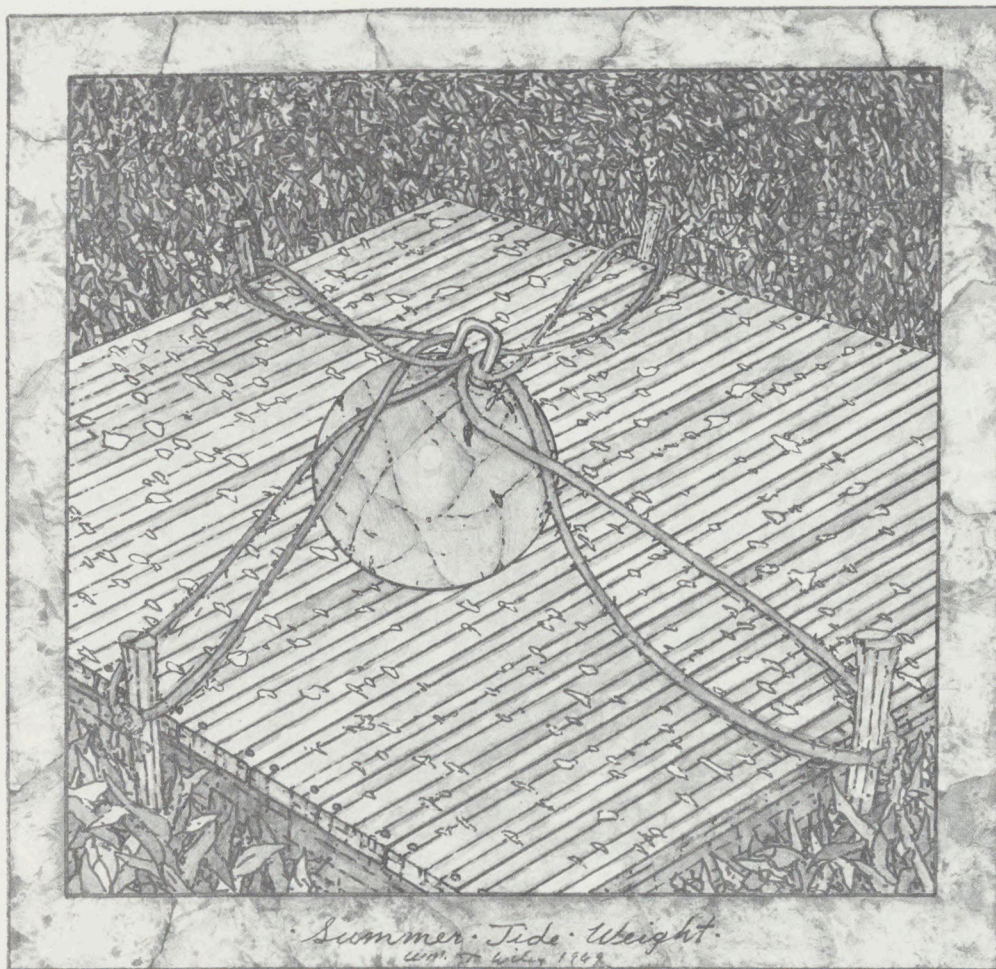
What we can learn from Marcel Duchamp is the same message from any artist who has made his presence manifest in the form of personal achievement: is essentially that we do not have to follow his example. Yet should we find in his example a path that interests us we should trust ourselves enough to follow that path as long as it is possible without an overabundance of human misery. If your life becomes unhappy or wretched you must have the trust and presence of mind to alter the relationship to one that is less destructive. The pain or joy of your life is essentially up to you. Both pain and its absence must be allowed for.

If you cannot accept that which you deem ugly — (regardless of how you define the term ugly) beauty in all its facets — which are endless will be revealed only in relation or in proportion to the amount of dissatisfaction you find allowable. Your existence in the world is no harder or easier than the scope of your own imagination.

Duchamp advanced his position to that of game master, a kind of ultimate stalemate. I feel his life is not to be trifled with or despised (this would hold true of any man or woman). Living in the shadow of one's own shortsightedness is the most difficult shadow in existence available.

If you accept Duchamp's example as an ultimate limit or universe you miss a facet of his existence I deem essential. His universe is ultimate only in relation to him. We must use his example of mobility and flexibility as an imperfect but well intentioned model of existence. If you do not agree with his model you do not have to dissipate your energy by belaboring the point he made — an endless unresolvable rhetoric. His life and death in conventional terms make dis-proving or discrediting his achievement a mute point. However, that phenomenon of his existence was such that it will sustain almost any point of agreement or disagreement. The puzzle of man or a man's life should be enjoyed not feared.

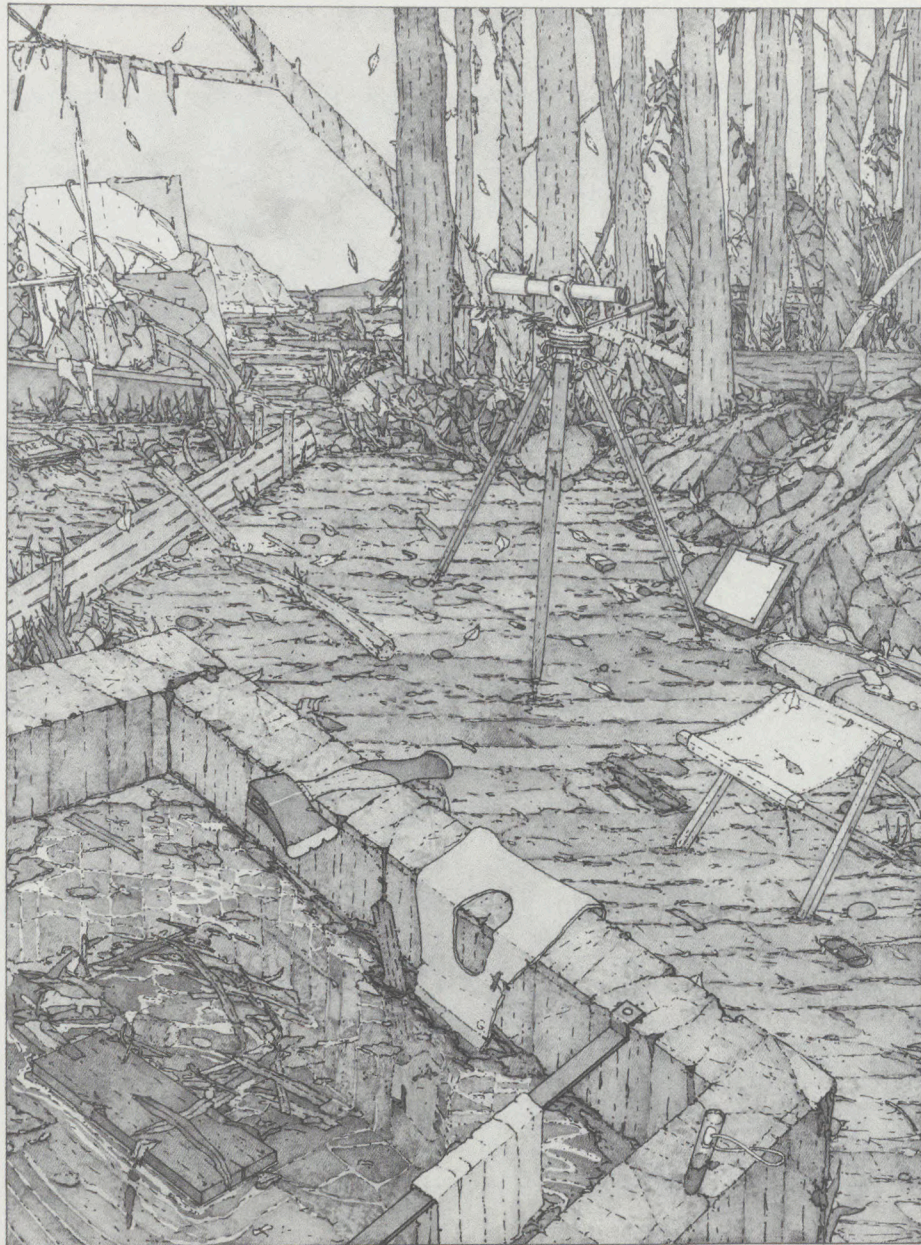
1969. Ink and watercolor on paper. 30 x 22".
Private Collection, San Francisco.



Summer in California can bowl you over. Season wise its almost always
the right time to work or take a nap. From the back of your mind you
feel the Tide working deliberate and inevitable rising and falling
like breath sucking you into Autumn and another stage of slumber

- 1937 Born 21 October, Bedford, Indiana
- 1956 Graduated Columbia High School, Richland, Washington
- 1959 Marriage to Dorothy Dowis
- 1960 B.F.A., San Francisco Art Institute
Birth of son Ethan Jacob
- 1962 M.F.A., San Francisco Art Institute
Begins teaching at the Department of Art, University of California, Davis, a position held to the present time
- 1963 Summer, teaches at San Francisco Art Institute
- 1965 Birth of son Zane James
Completion of film with Robert Nelson, "The Great Blondino"
- 1966 Fall, teaches at San Francisco Art Institute
- 1967 Holds guest teaching positions at University of California, Berkeley; San Francisco Art Institute; University of Nevada, Reno; and Washington State College, Pullman
- 1968 Teaches at School of Visual Arts, New York
Visiting Artist at University of Colorado, Boulder; collaborates with composer Steve Reich on performance events
Presents "Over Evident Falls," theatre event, with Steve Reich at Hansen-Fuller Gallery, San Francisco, and at Sacramento State College
- 1970 Completion of film, "Man's Nature"
Visiting Artist at University of Wisconsin, Madison
Lives in Woodacre, California

1969. Ink and watercolor on paper. 30 x 22". Collection
Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Anderson, Atherton, California.



Lame and Blind in Eden

W. M. & W. M.
1969

One-Man Shows:

- 1960 San Francisco Museum of Art
- 1962 Staempfli Gallery, New York
- 1964 Staempfli Gallery, New York
- 1965 Lanyon Gallery, Palo Alto, California
- 1967 Mills College Art Gallery, Oakland, California
- 1968 Allan Frumkin Gallery, New York
Hansen-Fuller Gallery, San Francisco
- 1969 Eugenia Butler Gallery, Los Angeles
Allan Frumkin Gallery, Chicago
Hansen-Fuller Gallery, San Francisco
San Francisco Art Institute
- 1970 Allan Frumkin Gallery, New York
Madison [Wisconsin] Art Center ("Keelover")
- 1971 Hansen-Fuller Gallery, San Francisco
Studio Marconi, Milan
University Art Museum, Berkeley (Circulating
exhibition which will travel in 1971-1972 to the
Institute of Contemporary Art, University of Penn-
sylvania, Philadelphia, and The Art Institute of
Chicago)

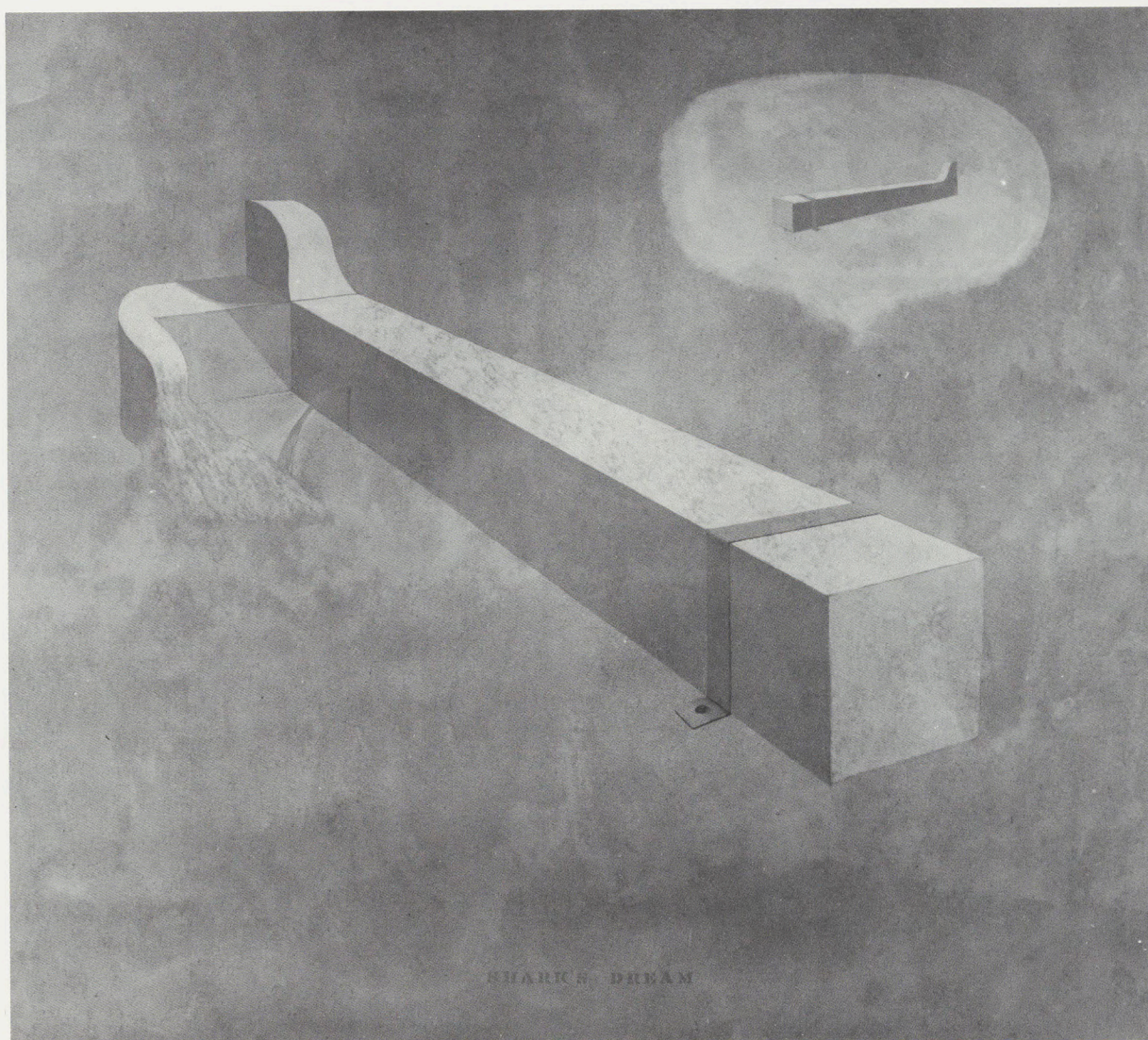
1966. Acrylic on canvas. 67½ x 72". Collection William and Deborah Struve, Glenview, Illinois.



Group Shows:

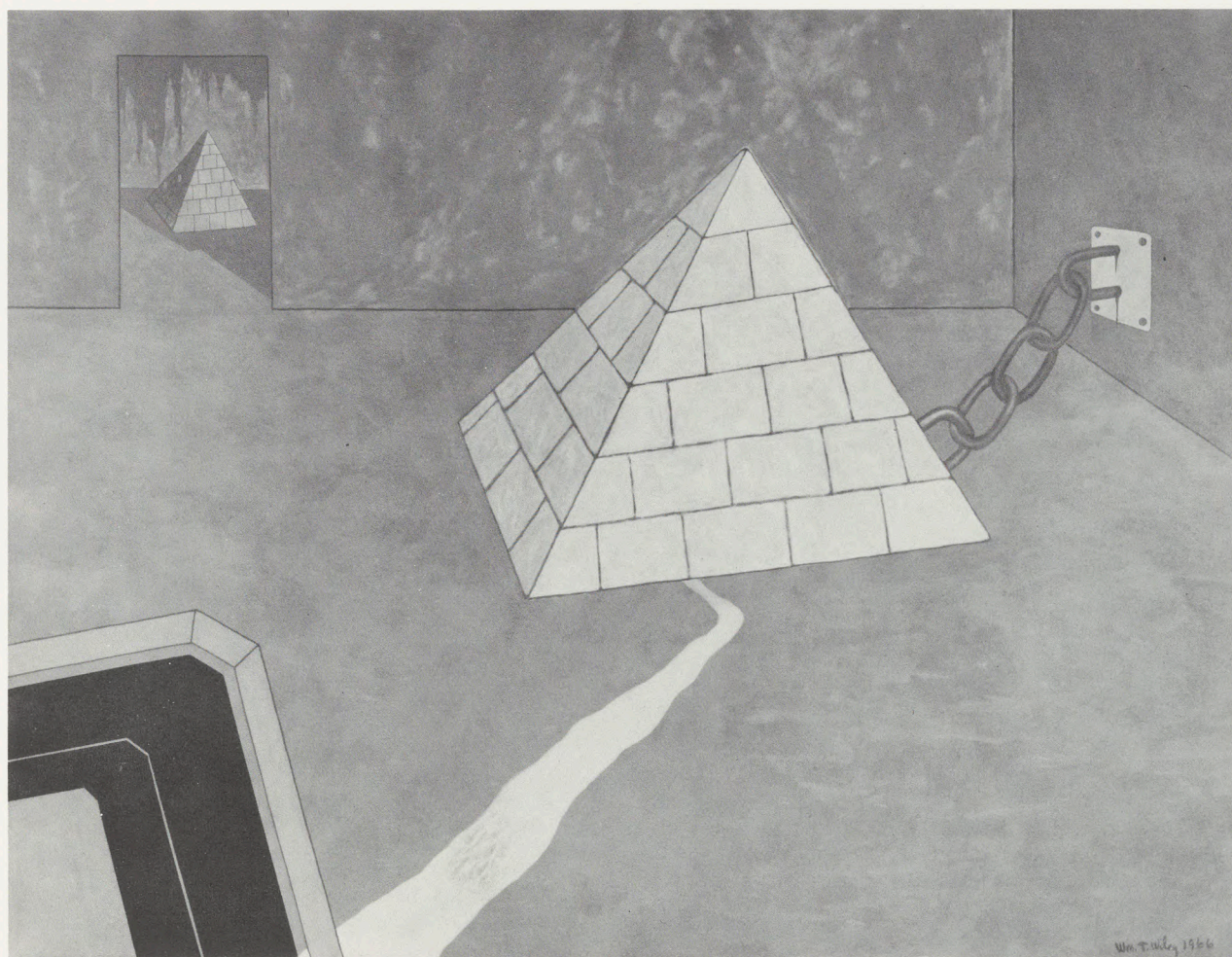
- 1958 Richmond [California] Art Center (Annual)
 San Francisco Art Association (Annual)
 San Francisco Art Festival
- 1959 Bolles Gallery, San Francisco
 San Francisco Art Association (Annual)
 San Francisco Art Festival
- 1960 San Francisco Art Festival
 Staempfli Gallery, New York
 Whitney Museum of American Art, New York
 ("Young America")
- 1961 Batman Gallery, San Francisco
 California Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco (Winter Invitational)
 The Art Institute of Chicago (Painting and Sculpture Annual)
 University of Illinois, Urbana (Painting and Sculpture Annual)
 The Oakland [California] Art Museum (Painting and Sculpture Annual)
- 1962 California Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco (Winter Invitational)
 Carnegie Institute (Pittsburgh International)
 The Art Institute of Chicago (Painting and Sculpture Annual)
 San Francisco Museum of Art ("Ninety Years of Bay Area Art")
 Museum of Art, Stanford University, Palo Alto, California ("San Francisco Bay Area Painting and Sculpture")
 Whitney Museum of American Art, New York
 ("Fifty California Artists")
- 1963 Museum of Art, La Jolla, California (Fourth Annual Painting and Sculpture Exhibition)
 Contemporary Arts Museum, Houston ("The Symbolist Legacy")
 New Mission Gallery, San Francisco
 San Francisco Art Association (Annual)
 San Francisco Museum of Art ("Arts of San Francisco")

(1967). Acrylic on canvas. 72 x 84". Whitney Museum of American Art, New York: Neysa McMein Purchase Award.



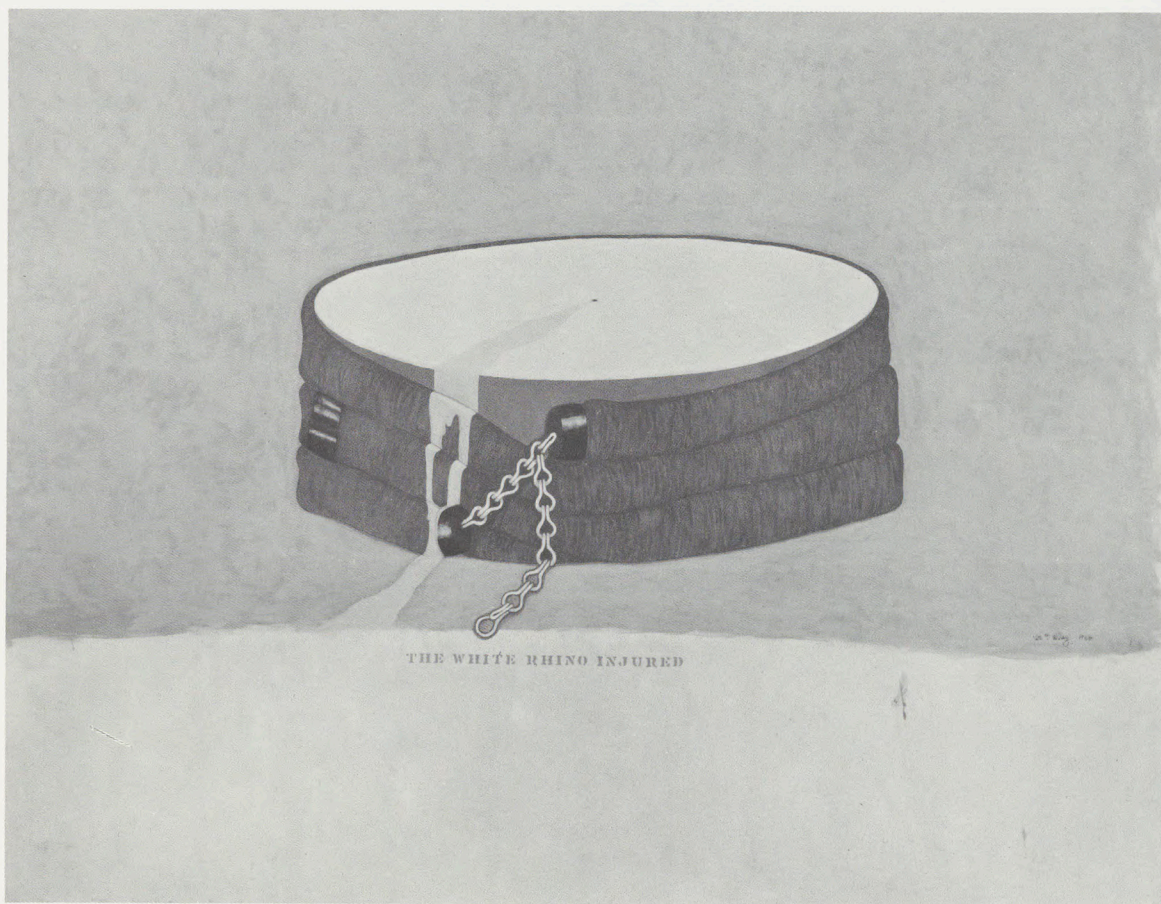
- 1964 San Francisco Art Institute ("Polychrome Sculpture")
San Francisco Museum of Art ("The Small Format")
Scott Gallery, Seattle
Museum of Art, Stanford University, Palo Alto,
California (Painting and Sculpture Invitational)
- 1966 Whitney Museum of American Art, New York
(Sculpture Annual)
- 1967 Allan Frumkin Gallery, New York ("Toward a New
Metaphysics")
Los Angeles County Museum of Art ("Sculpture of
the Sixties")
University Art Museum, Berkeley ("Funk")
Whitney Museum of American Art, New York
(Painting Annual)
- 1968 Dwan Gallery, New York
Galerie Paul Facchetti, Paris
Museum of Art, Tampa, Florida ("Forty California
Sculptors")
Whitney Museum of American Art, New York
(Sculpture Annual)
- 1969 Kunsthalle, Berne, Switzerland ("When Attitudes
Become Form")
Institute of Contemporary Art, Philadelphia ("The
Spirit of the Comics")
The Museum of Modern Art, New York ("New
Methods and Materials")
- 1970 Stedelijk van Abbesmuseum, Eindhoven, The
Netherlands (Kompas IV)
University Art Museum, Berkeley ("The Eighties")
Whitney Museum of American Art, New York
(Sculpture Annual)

1966. Acrylic on canvas. 65 x 84". Collection Dr. and Mrs.
Robert J. Fusillo, Atlanta, Georgia.



- Ashton, Dore, "Abstract Expressionism Isn't Dead," *Studio* (London), September 1962.
- Ashton, Dore, "Quid Est?," *Arts Magazine* (New York), March 1968.
- Baker, Elizabeth, and Joe Raffaele, "Way-Out West: Interviews with Four San Francisco Artists," *Art News* (New York), Summer 1967, pp. 38-41.
- Chandler, John Noel, and Albie Muldavin, "Correspondences," *Arts Canada* (Toronto), June-July 1971, pp. 44-61.
- Glueck, Grace, "The Slant Step," *The New York Times*, Sunday, 2 June 1968.
- Kramer, Hilton, "Wiley of the West: 'Dude Ranch Dada'," *The New York Times*, Sunday, 16 May 1971, p. 19.
- McCann, Cecile N., "Probing the Western Ethic," *Artweek* (Hayward, California), 15 May 1971.
- Mellow, James R., "Realist William Wiley," *The New York Times*, Sunday, 11 October 1970.
- Perreault, John, "Toward a New Metaphysics," *The Village Voice* (New York), September 1967.
- Perreault, John, "Metaphysical Funk Monk," *Art News* (New York), May 1968.
- Perreault, John, "Eccentrics," *The Village Voice* (New York), 15 October 1970.
- [Unsigned], "The Individualists," *Time*, 12 September 1960, p. 88.
- [Unsigned], "The New New Criticism," *Time*, 31 May 1968, pp. 46, 49.
- Wasserman, Emily, "William T. Wiley and William Allan: Meditating at Fort Prank," *ArtForum* (New York), December 1970, pp. 62-67.

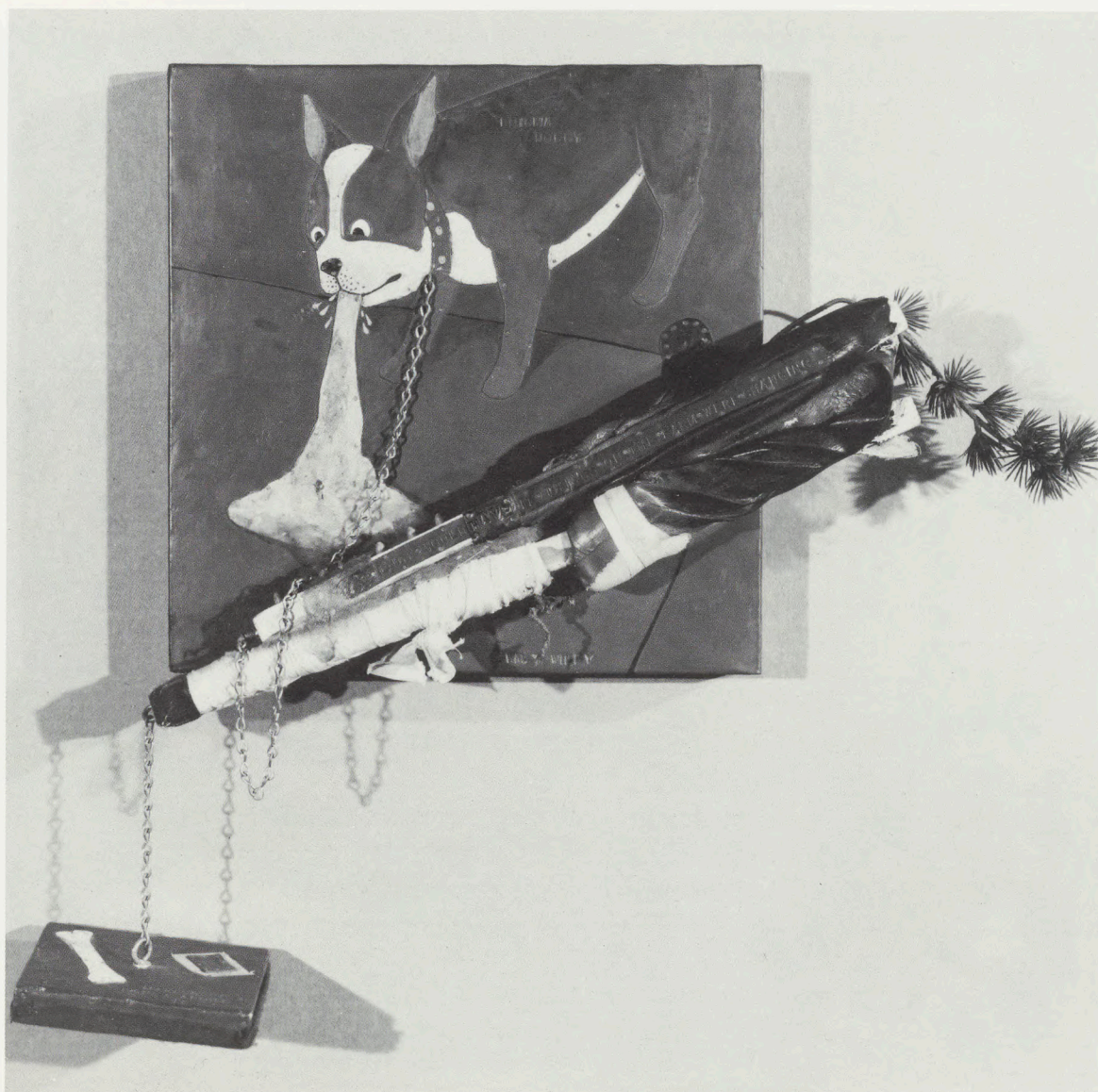
1966. Acrylic on canvas. 73½ x 95¾".
Private Collection, Berkeley.



Dimensions are in inches, height preceding width preceding depth, except where otherwise noted. Dates enclosed in parentheses do not appear on works. Illustrated works are indicated with an asterisk. Works are catalogued in chronological order, and within any given year alphabetically by lender, regardless of medium. All works are in all showings of the exhibition, except as otherwise noted.

- * 1. *Flag Song*. 1959. Oil on canvas. 61½ x 65½". Collection Mr. Charles R. Penney, Olcott, New York.
- * 2. *Time Table*. 1959. Oil on canvas. 66 x 67". Whitney Museum of American Art, New York: Juliana Force Purchase.
3. *Broken Toys*. 1960. Oil on canvas. 60 x 60". Collection Dr. Samuel West, Oakland, California.
- * 4. *End of the Game*. 1960. Oil on canvas. 72 x 81". Collection Dr. Samuel West: Courtesy The Oakland Museum, Oakland, California.
5. *Columbus Re-Routed #1*. 1961. Oil on canvas. Two panels, each 73½ x 68" (73½ x 136", overall). Courtesy Hansen-Fuller Gallery, San Francisco.
6. *Firecrackers Sold Here*. (1961). Oil on canvas. 61 x 61". The Lowe Art Museum, University of Miami, Coral Gables, Florida.
7. *Columbus Re-Routed #2*. (1961). Oil on canvas. 68¼ x 73½". San Francisco Art Institute.
- * 8. *Columbus Re-Routed #3*. 1962. Oil on canvas. Two panels, each 71¾ x 70½" (71¾ x 141", overall). Courtesy Hansen-Fuller Gallery, San Francisco.
9. *Untitled*. 1962. Oil on canvas. 11¼ x 12¾". San Francisco Museum of Art: Gift of Dr. Samuel West.
10. *Untitled*. 1962. Mixed media on board. 12⅝ x 13½". San Francisco Museum of Art: Gift of Dr. Samuel West.
11. *Untitled*. 1962. Oil on canvas. 15¾ x 19". San Francisco Museum of Art: Gift of Dr. Samuel West.
- * 12. *Untitled*. 1962. Oil on canvas. 68¼ x 76". San Francisco Museum of Art: Gift of the Women's Board.
13. *Return of Hiawatha*. 1962. Oil on canvas. 68⅜ x 85⅝". Collection Martial Westburg, New York.
14. *Untitled*. (1964). Acrylic on board. 55½ x 48" (irreg.). Collection Mr. and Mrs. Robert Arneson, Davis, California.

(1968). Construction, with wood, lead, canvas, latex, chain, and paint. 23½ x 26 x 6" (irreg.). Collection William Allan, Mill Valley, California.



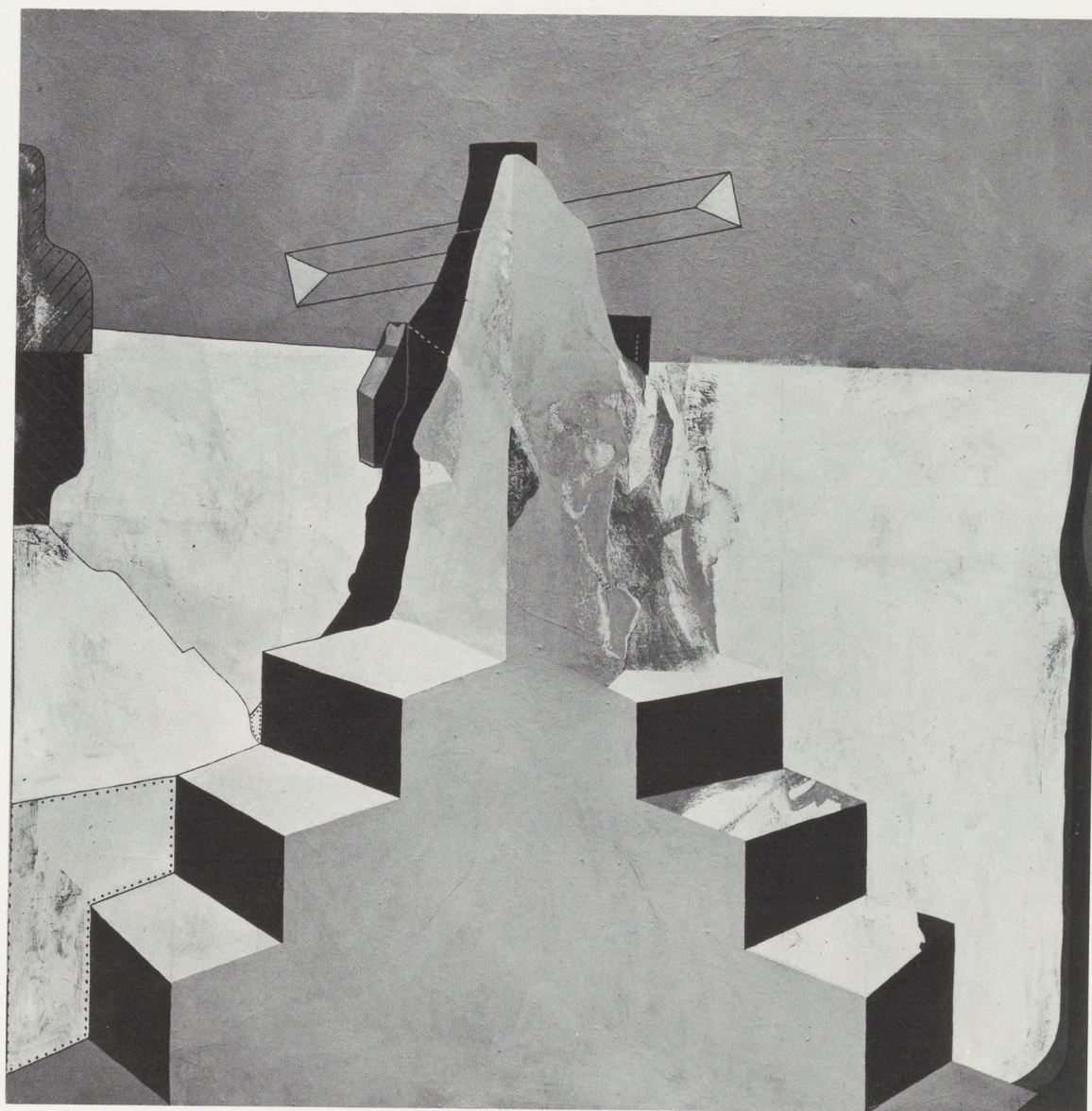
15. *Nile Comma*. 1964. Oil on board. 11 1/2 x 11 3/4". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Formichelli, Berkeley.
16. *Hard Sky #1*. 1964. Acrylic on board. 16 x 18 1/4". Courtesy Hansen-Fuller Gallery, San Francisco.
17. *Hard Sky #3*. 1964. Acrylic on board. 15 x 15". Courtesy Hansen-Fuller Gallery, San Francisco.
- * 18. *Homage to Di Cirico*. 1965. Acrylic on board. 48 x 48". Collection Dr. and Mrs. William R. Fielder, Atherton, California.
- * 19. *Portrait of Apollinaire (Ooga)*. 1965. Mixed media on paper. 11 x 13". Collection Dr. and Mrs. William R. Fielder, Atherton, California.
- * 20. *Enigma Doggy*. (1965-1966). Construction, with wood, lead, canvas, latex, chain, and paint. 23 1/2 x 26 x 6" (irreg.). Collection William Allan, Mill Valley, California.
21. *Burn, Enigma, Burn*. (1966). Oil pastel on paper. 14 1/2 x 17 1/2". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Formichelli, Berkeley.
22. *Enigma's Doggy*. (1966). Painted plaster. 4 1/2 x 8 1/2 x 8 1/2". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Formichelli, Berkeley.
- * 23. *Captive*. 1966. Acrylic on canvas. 65 x 84". Collection Dr. and Mrs. Robert J. Fusillo, Atlanta, Georgia.
24. *The Arbitrary and Chosen Lumps from the Silver Rhino out of Kaiser*. 1966. Construction, with wood, paint, wire, glass, and tape. 21 x 20 1/2". Courtesy Hansen-Fuller Gallery, San Francisco.
25. *All that Grass*. 1966. Acrylic on canvas. 65 1/4 x 72 3/4". Private Collection, Berkeley.
- * 26. *The White Rhino Injured*. 1966. Acrylic on canvas. 73 1/2 x 95 3/4". Private Collection, Berkeley.
- * 27. *Rhino's Dream*. 1966. Acrylic on canvas. 67 1/2 x 72". Collection William and Deborah Struve, Glenview, Illinois.
28. *Mona Lisa Wipe Out or "Three Wishes"*. 1967. Construction, with paper, wire, canvas, and tape. 24 1/2 x 17 1/8 x 2 1/2". Courtesy Department of Art, University of California, Davis.
29. *Brush Exploding in Space*. 1967. Ink and watercolor on paper. 18 x 24". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Allan Frumkin, New York.

1965. Mixed media on paper. 11 x 13". Collection Dr. and
Mrs. William R. Fielder, Atherton, California.



30. *Autumn in New York 1967*. 1967. Ink and watercolor on paper. 29¼ x 23¼". Courtesy Allan Frumkin Gallery, Chicago.
31. *Modern Sculpture with Weakness*. 1967. Ink and watercolor on paper. 28½ x 22½". Courtesy Allan Frumkin Gallery, New York.
32. *American Rope Trick*. 1967. Construction, with wood, rock, rope, and paint. 64" long x 24" wide x 36" high (irreg.). Courtesy Allan Frumkin Gallery, New York, and Hansen-Fuller Gallery, San Francisco.
33. *New Museum for Primary Concerns*. 1967. Ink and watercolor on paper. 28½ x 22½". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gilman, New York.
34. *Before the Wax—Iron Picture*. 1967. Ink and watercolor on paper. 25¾ x 30⅝". Private Collection, San Francisco.
35. *In Time for Spring Cleaning/In So Far As I Know*. (1967). Construction, with wood, painted canvas, tape, and wire. 61 x 44" (irreg.). Private Collection, San Francisco.
36. *Country School*. 1967. Ink and watercolor on paper. 29 x 33". Collection William and Deborah Struve, Glenview, Illinois.
- * 37. *Shark's Dream*. (1967). Acrylic on canvas. 72 x 84". Whitney Museum of American Art, New York: Neysa McMein Purchase Award.
38. *Modern Sculpture with Weakness*. 1968. Construction, with wood, aluminum, plastic, and rope. 80" long x 20" wide (irreg.). Courtesy Allan Frumkin Gallery, New York, and Hansen-Fuller Gallery, San Francisco.
39. *Retreat for the New Stone Pudding Intellectual*. 1968. Ink and watercolor on paper. 24 x 19". Collection Robert H. Glauber, Chicago.
40. *Columbus Tripped Out*. 1968. Acrylic on canvas. Two panels, each 84 x 74" (84 x 148", overall). Courtesy Hansen-Fuller Gallery, San Francisco.
41. *November Work Table*. 1968. Construction, with wood, painted canvas, tape, and metal. 63 x 41" (irreg.). Courtesy Hansen-Fuller Gallery, San Francisco.
42. *Support for Flag Stone, Anti-Form and Plow Boy*. 1968. Ink and watercolor on paper. The Robert A. Lewis Fund, Chicago.

1965. Acrylic on board. 48 x 48". Collection Dr. and Mrs.
William R. Fielder, Atherton, California.



43. *Shark's Cream for Joseph*. 1968. Ink and watercolor on paper. 25 x 19". Collection Joseph Raffael, San Geronimo, California.
- * 44. *Lame and Blind in Eden*. 1969. Ink and watercolor on paper. 30 x 22". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Anderson, Atherton, California.
45. *Changing the Whole Time*. 1969. Ink and watercolor on paper. 29 x 21". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Allan Frumkin, New York.
46. *This Is Your Life—You Are Living It*. 1969. Construction, with wood, wax, felt, and leather. 23¼ x 23½ x 1½". Courtesy Allan Frumkin Gallery, Chicago.
47. *Just About Human Beings Trying to Touch Each Other Before They Turn Into Dirt*. 1969. Ink and watercolor on paper. 21½ x 29½". Collection Mr. and Mrs. John P. Hoban, Winnetka, Illinois.
48. *Monument for Union Oil and Pacific Wild Life*. 1969. Ink and watercolor on paper. 20 x 15¼". Collection Mr. George M. Irwin, Quincy, Illinois.
49. *What's the Big Idea*. 1969. Construction, with wood, metal, and glass. 38 x 44 x 15" (irreg.). Collection Richard Jorasch, San Francisco.
50. *Pale Calm Low and Attractive*. 1969. Ink and watercolor on paper. Collection Robert A. Lewis, Highland Park, Illinois.
51. *Painter Baffles and Excess in California*. 1969. Ink and watercolor on paper. 28¼ x 20¼". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Stephen D. Paine, Boston.
- * 52. *Summer Tide Weight*. 1969. Ink and watercolor on paper. 30 x 22". Private Collection, San Francisco.
- * 53. *Wizdumb Bridge*. 1969. Ink and watercolor on paper. 24 x 19". Collection William and Deborah Struve, Glenview, Illinois.
54. *San Quentin*. (1969). Acrylic on canvas. 74 x 150". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Witkin, Glencoe, Illinois.
- * 55. *Columbus Re-Rutted*. 1970. Oil on canvas. 78¼ x 156½". University Art Museum, Berkeley: Gift of the artist. [Berkeley showing only.]
- * 56. *Nodding Off with the Kernnel*. 1970. Ink on paper. 21⅞ x 30". Collection Bernard and K. Lee Bunn, Mountain View, California.

1970. Oil on canvas. 78¼ x 156½". University Art
Museum, Berkeley: Gift of the artist.



57. *The Pure Strain*. 1970. Ink and watercolor on paper. 30 x 22". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dunne, Woodacre, California.
58. *The Balance Is Not So Far Away From the Good Old Daze*. 1970. Ink and watercolor on paper. 22 x 30". Private Collection, Chicago.
- *59. *I Wish I Could Have Known Earlier That You Have All the Time You'll Ever Need Right Up to the Day You Die*. 1970. Ink and watercolor on paper. 22 x 30". Private Collection, Berkeley.
60. *A Slow Gift for S. E. E. C. A.* 1970. Ink on paper. 21½ x 29½". San Francisco Museum of Art: Gift of Society for the Encouragement of Contemporary Art.
61. *Dwelling in the Pure and Infinite*. 1970. Ink and watercolor on paper. 30 x 22". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Jack Schafer, San Francisco.
62. *A Little Peace for Joan Miro*. 1970. Ink and watercolor on paper. 20½ x 28¾". Collection Jay H. Selz, Chicago.
63. *Stone Doubt*. 1970. Ink and watercolor on paper. 29½ x 41½". Collection William and Deborah Struve, Glenview, Illinois.
64. *Meditating at Fort Prank*. 1970. Ink and watercolor on paper. 30 x 22". Collection William and Deborah Struve, Glenview, Illinois.
- *65. *Thank You Hide*. (1970). Construction, with wood, leather, ink and charcoal on cowhide, pickaxe, found objects, and accompanying watercolors. 70 x 64" (irreg.). Collection William and Deborah Struve, Glenview, Illinois.
- *66. *Art Official Birth Plan*. 1971. Acrylic and charcoal on canvas. 84 x 153". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Anderson, Atherton, California.
- *67. *Random Remarks and Digs*. 1971. Acrylic on canvas, with wood construction. 86 x 115 x 40" (irreg.). Collection Mr. and Mrs. Gene Estribou, San Francisco.
68. *How to Chart a Coarse*. 1971. Ink and charcoal on felt, with accompanying watercolors, notebook, and wood constructions. 87 x 144 x 78" (irreg.). Courtesy Hansen-Fuller Gallery, San Francisco.
- *69. *Hide as a State of Mind*. (1971). Ink and watercolor on paper. 22¼ x 30¼". Courtesy Hansen-Fuller Gallery, San Francisco.

1962. Oil on canvas. 68¼ x 76". San Francisco Museum
of Art: Gift of the Women's Board.



- *70. *Isolation*. 1971. Acrylic, charcoal, and ink on canvas.
28 x 26". Collection Dr. and Mrs. Reuben M. Baron,
Oak Park, Michigan.
- 71. *Ugly Hide's Ideas*. 1971. Acrylic, charcoal, and ink on
canvas. 52½ x 46½". Courtesy Gallery Odyssia, New
York.

1962. Oil on canvas. Two panels, each $71\frac{3}{4} \times 70\frac{1}{2}$ " ($71\frac{3}{4} \times 141$ ", overall). Courtesy Hansen-Fuller Gallery, San Francisco.



The planning and execution of this exhibition has been a great joy from beginning to end. I scarcely knew Wiley when over two years ago I first asked his permission to do this show, which reviews his work from 1959 to the present, and one very happy aspect of organizing the show has been the opportunity to know him better. Although at the time I liked Wiley's work very much and certainly recognized its importance, in the course of two years' work on the project I have come to a very much deeper love and respect for the work, and it seems to me this is a measure of the real strength and validity and challenge of Wiley's art.

I want to thank especially the art dealers who represent Wiley, for their considerable efforts and generous cooperation—Allan Frumkin from the Allan Frumkin Gallery, New York; Alice Adam, Director of the Allan Frumkin Gallery, Chicago; and both Wanda Hansen and Diana Fuller of the Hansen-Fuller Gallery, San Francisco.

Peter Selz, Director of this Museum, has shown a consistent enthusiasm for Wiley's work which has been an important source of encouragement.

The lenders to the exhibition are due special gratitude, since in many cases their love for the work has made it a particular sacrifice to release their pieces for this traveling exhibition. They are listed on page 68 of this catalogue.

It is of course Wiley himself, however, to whom I owe the deepest gratitude. He allowed me to have fun doing the show, and that is more rare than it might seem. He shared my enthusiasm for the project, and he never failed to give me his fullest cooperation in terms of both time and energy. But he maintained a relaxed interest which allowed me the greatest possible freedom in the selection and organization of the exhibition and the catalogue. Most important, he created the beautiful work which inspired the show in the first place. I am very grateful to him, and I would like to dedicate this book to William T. Wiley with love.

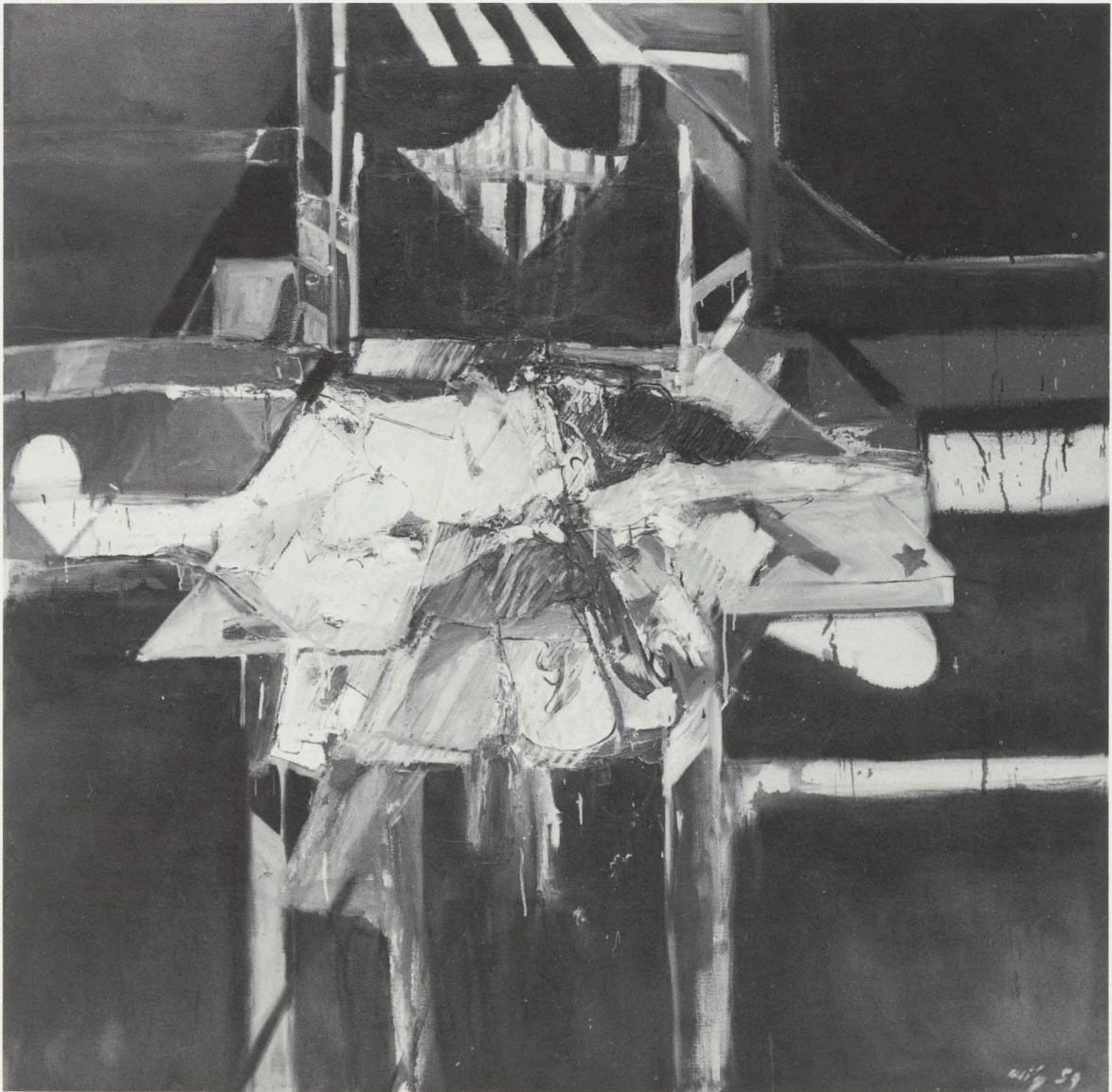
Brenda Richardson
Curator of Exhibitions
University Art Museum, Berkeley
25 June 1971

1960. Oil on canvas. 72 x 81". Collection Dr. Samuel West:
Courtesy The Oakland Museum, Oakland, California.



William Allan, Mill Valley, California
Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Anderson, Atherton, California
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Arneson, Davis, California
Dr. and Mrs. Reuben M. Baron, Oak Park, Michigan
Bernard and K. Lee Bunn, Mountain View, California
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dunne, Woodacre, California
Mr. and Mrs. Gene Estribou, San Francisco
Dr. and Mrs. William R. Fielder, Atherton, California
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Formichelli, Berkeley
Mr. and Mrs. Allan Frumkin, New York
Dr. and Mrs. Robert J. Fusillo, Atlanta, Georgia
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gilman, New York
Robert H. Glauber, Chicago
Mr. and Mrs. John P. Hoban, Winnetka, Illinois
Mr. George M. Irwin, Quincy, Illinois
Richard Jorasch, San Francisco
Robert A. Lewis, Highland Park, Illinois
Mr. and Mrs. Stephen D. Paine, Boston
Mr. Charles R. Penney, Olcott, New York
Joseph Raffael, San Geronimo, California
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Schafer, San Francisco
Jay H. Selz, Chicago
William and Deborah Struve, Glenview, Illinois
Dr. Samuel West, Oakland, California
Martial Westburg, New York
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Witkin, Glencoe, Illinois
Department of Art, University of California, Davis
Allan Frumkin Gallery, Chicago
Allan Frumkin Gallery, New York
Hansen-Fuller Gallery, San Francisco
The Robert A. Lewis Fund, Chicago
The Lowe Art Museum, University of Miami, Coral
Gables, Florida
The Oakland Museum, Oakland, California
San Francisco Art Institute
San Francisco Museum of Art
University Art Museum, Berkeley
Whitney Museum of American Art, New York

1959. Oil on canvas. 66 x 67". Whitney Museum of American Art, New York: Juliana Force Purchase.



University Art Museum, Berkeley
September 15-October 24, 1971

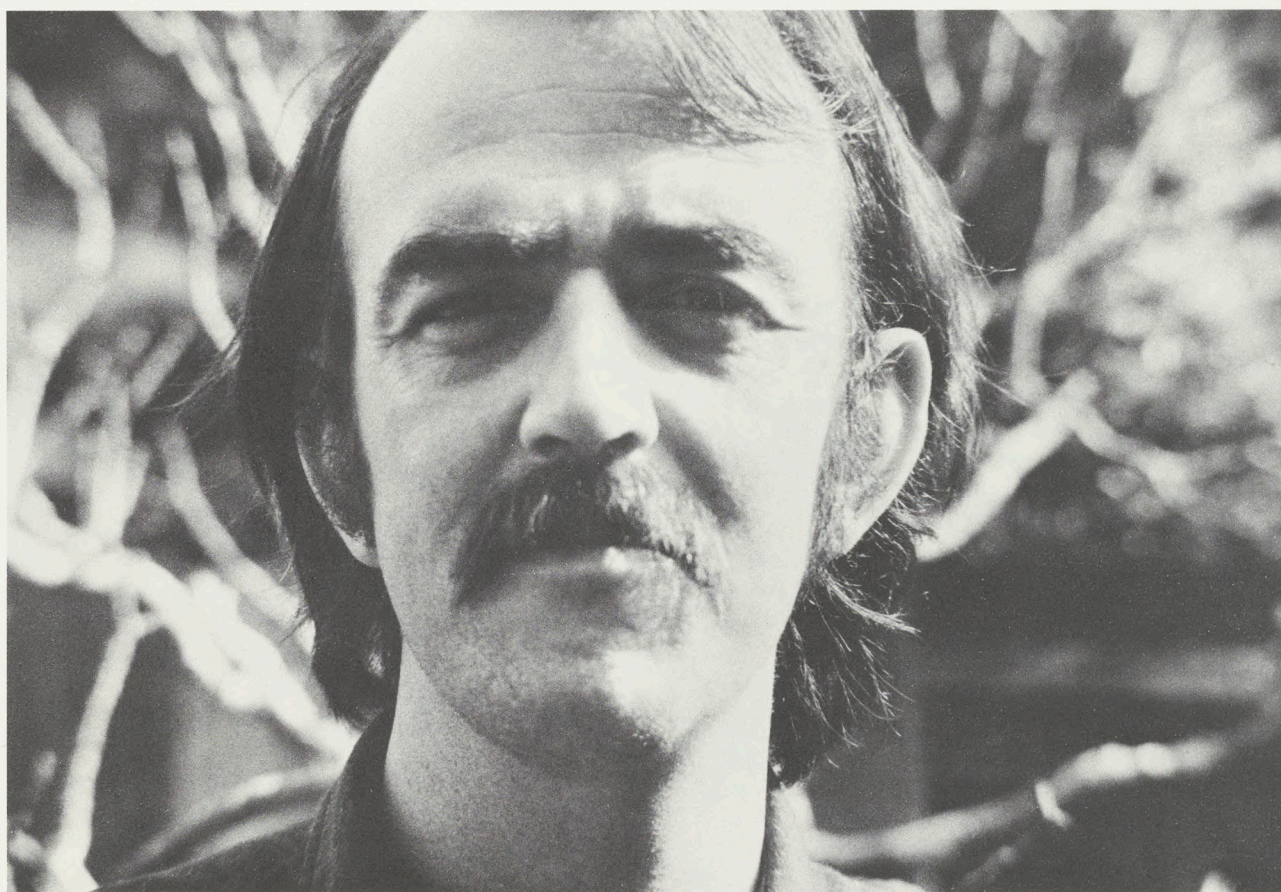
Institute of Contemporary Art,
University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia
November 16-December 19, 1971

The Art Institute of Chicago
January 15-February 20, 1972

1959. Oil on canvas. 61½ x 65½". Collection Mr. Charles
R. Penney, Olcott, New York.



Oliver Baker, p. 69
Geoffrey Clements, p. 49
Dennis Galloway, pp. 17, 59
Robin Johnstone, p. 51
T. S. Leong, p. 67
Colin McRae, pp. 5, 15, 47, 53, 55, 57, 61, 63, 65
Don Nice, pp. 3, 73
Joe Schopplein, pp. 7, 9, 11, 13, 19, 43, 45



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